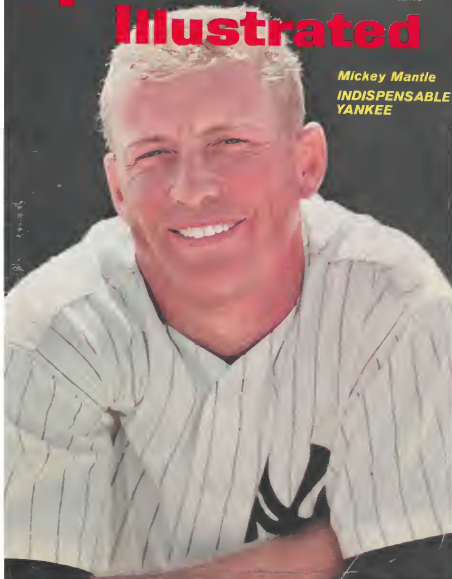


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Next week

MEL ALLEN, the New York "Yankee" announcer, has portrayed energy, experience and southern-fried drolleries into a successful career. Huston Horn reports, and how "boat that?"

A FIRST LOOK at the ingenious features that Designer Alan Payne has incorporated in the Australian 12-meter sloop *Gresel* as the new challenger comes seeking the old America's Cup.

A SPORTSMAN of the old school is trotting's Roland Harniman. Four pages of color pictures portray the charm of his track at Goshen, N.Y., and Robert Creamer tells his story.



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POINT OF FACT

A British Open quiz to excite the memory and increase the knowledge of casual fans and armchair experts

? When was the first British Open championship played? Who won it?

• The first championship was held at Prestwick in 1860. Old Willie Park defeated seven other professionals in 174 strokes, playing three rounds on a 12-hole course. The prize to the winner was the Championship Challenge Belt.

? Since 1892 the Open has been played over 72 holes: a) who had the highest winning 72-hole score? b) the lowest?

• a) John Henry Taylor in 1894 shot the highest winning score—326—at Sandwich, to win the first of five championships (others: 1895, 1908, 1909, 1931). In only one, the 1909 tournament at Deil, did he better 300. b) Two Australians have won the Open with the record low score of 278—Peter Thomson in 1958 and Kel Nagle in the 100th Open two years later.

? How many Americans have won the Open? Name them.

• Ten Americans have won 15 championships. The first was Scottish-born Jack Hutchinson, who had emigrated to America and had become a U.S. citizen. In 1921 he returned to his birthplace, St. Andrews, to win the title. The other American winners were Walter Hagen (1922, 1924, 1928, 1929), Bobby Jones (1926, 1927, 1930), Jim Barnes (1925), Tommy Armour (1931), Gene Sarazen (1932), Denny Shute (1933), Sam Snead (1946), Ben Hogan (1953) and Arnold Palmer (1954). Armour was born in Scotland and Barnes in England but, like Hutchinson, had become American citizens.

? a) Who was the youngest golfer to win the Open? b) the oldest?

• a) Tom Morris Jr. won four consecutive Opens, the first when he was 18. He was the youngest winner of the championship. b) Harry Vardon was the oldest Open champion. He won his sixth championship when he was 44, in 1914 at Prestwick. Vardon's other victories were in 1896, 1898, 1899, 1903 and 1911. Vardon won more British Opens than any other golfer.

—PAT RYAN

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SCORECARD

PROBLEM FOR THE PROS

Two months after Dick Mayer won the 1957 Open Championship the USGA was embarrassed to learn that its new champion was involved in splitting his winning purse of \$50,000 at another tournament with a golfer who had earned less than \$400. Mayer and Al Bessellink had made a pre-tournament arrangement to share 90 to 10 should either win top prize.

Reasoning that one of the great attractions of professional tournament golf is that the public assumes that the players are competing on an all-or-nothing basis, and that this type of sub-rosa arrangement is thereby a fraud, the USGA made it a condition of entry in its Open championships that there be no prize-splitting.

The Professional Golfers' Association might well have followed suit but so far has done nothing. The practice of prize-splitting remains as common as three-putt greens on the PGA tournament circuit. When two golfers on the pro tour, having tied over the regulation 72 holes in one of the weekly events, stand on the first tee to fight it out in overtime for first place, the chances are that they are fighting solely for a title and resultant perquisites, that they have already agreed to split evenly the total prize earmarked for first and second places.

We think the PGA might well adopt the USGA rule.

FAIR PLAY FOR CRITICS

The slugging of Earl Lawson, Cincinnati sportswriter, by Vada Pinson was, no doubt, an impulsive act which Vada regretted immediately. Too much should not be made of it, perhaps, but it does have some unpleasant implications if it continues to go unnoticed by baseball authorities.

There is already quite enough pressure and blandishment on newspaper sportswriters to serve as press agents for the home town team rather than as critics whose services are dedicated to the fan first and the team only secondarily, if at all. If the pressure takes the

form of physical punishment without penalty, then sound criticism and objective writing will become as extinct as the spitball, which means there will be only a little of it around.

We suggest that the baseball commissioner regard the slugging of a writer as he would regard the slugging of an umpire, and impose the same severe penalty. Or else equip all writers with umpires' masks.

TOLEDO THROWS A PARTY

The world amateur wrestling championships came to the western hemisphere for the first time last week—specifically to Toledo, Ohio, on which wrestlers from 31 nations descended with stunning effect. Toledans were captivated by the sight of the Japanese doing the twist and the discovery that Russian cigarettes have two-inch filters. All over town the visitors were paraded. An Army ROTC sergeant's Japanese wife gave a cookout of Japanese dishes for her homeland team. Sheriff Bill Hirsch, a Rumanian himself, gave the Rumanian team deputy sheriff badges and held a cookout for the South Africans. Five Iranian students at the University of Toledo met their country's defending Greco-Roman champions at the airport, waving banners that wished "Good Luck, World Champions." Turkish students from the University of Michigan waved flags and led cheers when a Turk was on the mat. The *Miracle Mile* drive-in movie entertained the Rumanian team, turning it loose in the refreshment stand at intermission. The *Toledo Blade* complained editorially that there just weren't enough wrestlers to use up the town's supply of hospitality.

One piece of hospitality was very much worthwhile, and if widely copied might go far to raise wrestling's status as a sport in this country. The Toledo Edison Company presented the championships with four large scoreboards, enabling the fans to know exactly how all the judges were scoring. At most amateur meets the uninitiated spectator is puzzled and bored by the referee's esoteric signals of

points scored, and has no notion of which wrestler is ahead until the match is over.

HAVE A SCOTCH AND SCOTCH

So that New York Scotch drinkers won't have to contaminate the precious stuff with the chlorinated sludge that comes out of their taps and may, indeed, preserve the utter national purity of the product even as it is being consumed, Bloomingdale's department store is importing water from Scotland. Called Scotch_{H₂O}, it comes in green six-ounce bottles that sell for 22¢ each, and its bottlers aver that it is "taken from natural springs by the Castle Rock at the world-famous Princes Street Gardens, Edinburgh."

There's a thought in this for anyone who owns a spring in Kentucky.

S O S FOR PIDGY

Francis Chichester, the 60-year-old British sportsman who sailed alone across the Atlantic in 1960 (SI, Oct. 10, 1960), is at sea again trying for a new transatlantic record to New York, but this time he is not alone. Two days after the starting gun was fired on Plymouth Hoe, a lost and weary homing pigeon fluttered down onto the *Gipsy Moth III's* deck



and huddled under a sail. Chichester forthrightly decided to call her Pidgy.

Pidgy got seasick and would eat nothing but bits of broken biscuit, and those sparingly. The despairing Chichester, who has been radiotelephoning reports of his progress for publication in the *Guardian*, called for help. The *Guardian* staff went to work on the problem, seeking the advice of the Curator of Birds at the London Zoo, the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the Severn Wildlife Trust.

The experts recommended fresh greens,

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SCORECARD

hard to come by 700 miles at sea, and nuts, oatmeal and bean, all of which Chichester had aboard.

On this diet Polgy perked up a bit. From 950 miles out, Chichester advised the *Gannaw* that the pigeon had cooed for the first time since coming aboard.

"I've developed the habit of talking to myself," Chichester informed the newspaper from 1,100 miles. "It comes through talking first to the pigeon, and then going on talking to myself. She sits in her little hut watching me."

Small wonder Chichester

THEY SAID IT

- **Sanitary Baugh**, on the improvement in high school football: "The algebra teacher used to be the football coach. Now the football coach is the algebra teacher."
- **Casey Stengel**, on his Mets: "We're in such a slump that even the ones that are drinkin' aren't hittin'."
- **Herb Elliott**, announcing his retirement from racing: "The time will come when men can't keep on pushing themselves much faster. When that happens they'll start clocking in hundredths of a second, because the improvements will be so minimal."

PASSING OF A FRIEND OF SPORT

During a night game with Cincinnati the Los Angeles Dodgers spelled out a message on the scoreboard: "The sports world at large and baseball in particular has lost a good friend in Reese Taylor." With that the flags were lowered to half-staff in tribute to a man who had much to do with bringing the Dodgers to California.

Reese H. Taylor was a giant of industry, a driving force in civic affairs, a disciple of the arts and greatly loved as an ardent sportsman. He died last week, just a few days short of his 62nd birthday. In his lifetime he had accomplished much. In business he was chairman of the board of the massive Union Oil Company of California. In the arts he championed the dream of a music center in the civic complex and he was a director and vice-president of the Hollywood Bowl Association.

But it was in sports, perhaps, that he made the most friends. His company sponsored TV and radio presentations of feature Thoroughbred races at both Santa Anita and Hollywood Park. Dodger baseball games, the famed Pacific Southwest tennis tournament and many other major

(continued)



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SCORECARD *continued*

sports attractions. He was a former president of the Los Angeles Turf Club and a director of the Southern California Tennis Association and of the Youth Tennis Foundation of Southern California. An avid baseball fan, he held box seats for both Dodger and Angel games and he always found time to see his son and grandson play in the San Marino Little League.

On the day of his death his daughter, Maggie, won a quarter-final match in the junior girls' competition of the Southern California tennis championships. Her father had told her not to default because of his illness.

One of Reese Taylor's dreams, yet to be realized but in the planning stage, was the development of a tennis center in Griffith Park with grass courts for Davis Cup competition.

It would make a fine memorial.

THE INSIDE TRACK

- Houston's heat and humidity are a joint factor in the National League pennant race favoring Los Angeles over San Francisco. The Dodgers have only one game left in Houston, but the Giants have three. Jocko Conlan had to retire in the fourth inning of a doubleheader there, and Don Drysdale lost 12 pounds the same night.

- American Football League players will not be eligible for the Pro Football Hall of Fame. Reason: the National Football League is paying much of the \$500,000 it will take to establish the hall at Canton, Ohio.

- Colorado, recently placed on probation by the NCAA for illegal recruiting practices, spent \$201,128 in the 1961-62 school year for athletic scholarships, most in the Big Eight.

NO PLACE FOR HACKERS

Entered in the National Collegiate golf tournament last week were 216 players, some of whom had no reason to be there at all. As a result the two qualifying rounds were nightmarish, for players and officials. After 13 hours of play on opening day there were 46 players on the course, floundering about in the dark. It was necessary to begin the second qualifying round at 6 a.m. next day.

The NCAA golf committee is properly indignant that so many duffers were entered in a tournament they could not possibly hope to win. One of them shot a 102, a figure that might have

made a much more reasonable entry list.

Three solutions are being considered: 1) regional qualifying, 2) regional committees to select the players for the national tournament and 3) separate tournaments for small and big colleges.

The last suggestion does not appeal to us. There are good reasons for separating the small and big colleges in sports like football, but golf is a game in which they do have a chance to compete.

MR. MURPHY'S CHOWDER HEAD

The thinking horseplayer shudders whenever he hears that politicians are turning their watery, greedy eyes toward his sport—as, from time to time, they do. Since horseplayers must contend with enough bad news as it is, we report only reluctantly that the politicians are about to go at them again in New York State, where even now in the Metropolitan Area 20¢ of every \$2 bet is dropped into the bottomless tax pit, not to mention the 10¢ that goes to the track. Not only that but this time the politicians are of the worst possible stripe. They are tax collectors.

Troubled that the new Finger Lakes race track had misjudged its proper season, which turned out thereby to be a losing one, with resultant loss of anticipated revenue to the state, Tax Commissioner Joseph H. Murphy has ordered a study to find out how the state can increase its revenues from all tracks, harness and Thoroughbred.

"One of the things we want to know," he said, "is why the daily average attendance at Belmont is 6,000 smaller than at Aqueduct." That means, he glowered, that the state's daily take at Belmont is \$60,000 less than at Aqueduct.

Any horseplayer could tell him that Aqueduct is more easily reached from the heart of New York City and has a superior mechanical plant. It's easier to get there and to get a bet down there.

It just might be passing through Commissioner Murphy's mind that the state would profit by confining New York racing to Aqueduct, closing down Belmont. But this would be a threat to the esthetics of the sport and a quick route to the point of diminishing returns. For most bettors Belmont is a little bit harder to reach than Aqueduct, but it is more beautiful, a very pleasant place in which to dawdle away an afternoon and a dollar. That is why many who never go to Aqueduct do go to Belmont. To tamper with the traditions of Belmont would be to hold a knife at the throat of a very productive goose.

END

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THE YANKEES' DESPERATE GAMBLE

Mickey Mantle shouldn't be playing. His injured legs are still weak and another strain might end his career. But the Yankees were losing without him and they couldn't afford to wait

by WALTER BINGHAM

It was nothing less than a cold and ruthless gamble. Faced with a losing streak and the distasteful prospect of not winning the pennant for a change, the New York Yankees rushed the most valuable property in baseball back into action last week and ran the risk of losing him forever.

Mickey Mantle's legs had not yet healed, as anyone could see. He limped when he walked and staggered when he swung. He ran stiff-legged and he was unable, or afraid, to make turns. He was not, in short, ready.

The front office denied that it had ordered Mickey's early return, insisting that Mantle had made the decision himself (and ignoring the fact that most ballplayers—and particularly Mantle—will always insist that they are ready to play, even flat on their backs), but it was undeniable that the Yankee brass had permitted Mantle to play before he had fully recovered. It was a decision made out of desperation. During the five weeks Mantle was out of the lineup, the Yankees were an ordinary team, winning and losing with fourth-place regularity. His value to the team had always been obvious. His absence had made it more so.

Not that Mantle's gimp legs were the Yankees' only problem.

The rest of the American League, in its happiest dreams, could not have imagined a more delightful series of calamities than those that have plagued the team this season. Beginning with the loss of Tony Kubek to the Army and continuing through arm ailments to Luis Arroyo and Whitey Ford, the Yankees were progressively weakened. But even so they were able to stumble along at or near the top of the league as long as Mantle was afield. Then Mantle, the ringleader of the Yankee gang, injured his fragile legs and was forced out of the lineup for over a month. No team, not even the Yankees, can lose a Mantle and remain buoyant. It is appropriate that when he was taken to the hospital his teammates, prompted by his good pal Whitey Ford, sent him a bouquet of eight tired little daisies. Without Mantle in the lineup the Yankees became just that.

For a short spell the team played well. Chop the head off a rooster and he'll run around a bit before he drops. The Yankees didn't drop immediately, partly because no other team was capable of taking charge—the Detroit Tigers, a

strong challenger, were also disrupted by Al Kaline's broken collarbone—and partly because they got surprisingly fine pitching from Ralph Terry, Bill Stafford and Jim Coates.

But the Yankee attack all but stopped. Yogi Berra, Elston Howard and Moose Skowron, big hitters in past years, became big outs. Roger Maris found that without Mantle batting behind him he saw few good pitches. One day he was walked five straight times, four of them intentional. After the game he phoned Mantle to check on his condition and urge him back. When Mantle did rejoin the team, still limping badly, it became a daily joke for Maris to say hopefully: "Looking great, Mick. You should be ready to play in two days, right?"

Finally the Yankees' inability to score without Mantle began to hurt them. They lost eight out of nine games. Four of the losses were to Cleveland, and suddenly the Indians were in first place, three games ahead of the Yankees. Minnesota and Los Angeles, playing as though they had not read the preseason

continued

TRYING TO SCORE. Mickey Mantle grimaces as he forces his injured legs down base path.



expertise, were also in front of the Yankees. More menacing, Baltimore and Detroit now moved to the pack, promising real danger later on. Without Mantle on the field, the American League pennant race had become a real race.

The injury that caused all this mangled joy and sadness happened on May 18 on the final out of a game the Yankees lost to the Twins 4-3. The tying run was on second base when Mantle hit a low line drive on one hop to the shortstop, Zoilo Versalles. Versalles bobbled the ball, and Mantle, seeing that, strained for more speed. "I was watching the shortstop," said Coach Wally Moses. "When I looked for Mantle he was already down."

"It looked as if he'd been shot," said Bob Fishel, the Yankee publicist. "He hit the ground that hard."

What Mantle had done was tear a muscle—the adductor muscle, the doctor said later—in his right thigh, so that he could not straighten his leg. When he fell he landed smack on his left knee, and as the weeks passed, it was this knee that bothered Mantle most. He suffers from an arrested case of osteomyelitis that began with a high school football injury, and both his knees are very tender. Even when he is healthy he limps, and this is why he must spend 10 minutes before every game wrapping each knee in long, wide strips of rubberized bandage. It is also why American League pitchers, when they want to harass Mantle, throw not at his head, as is the custom, but at his knees.

Mantle lay on the base path for five minutes before he was helped off the field. Inside the locker room he showered while leaning on crutches, then dressed slowly. His face looked gray and tortured. As he left he managed to muster a smile for reporters. "See y'all," he said. Then, the grin gone, he went outside, where Dan Topping, co-owner of the Yankees, was waiting for him. They drove to the hospital together.

Mantle spent several days in the hospital and then went home to Dallas, his wife and four sons. He had been there about a week, getting daily therapy from Wayne Rudy, the trainer of the Dallas Texan football team, when Roy Hamey, the Yankee general manager, asked him to rejoin the team. "I won't say the players are brooding about him," Hamey explained at the time, "but maybe they'll feel better if he's around."

Mantle met the team in Los Angeles. "He was sitting there in the bus by himself when I first saw him," said Bobby Richardson. "I just walked up to him and shook his hand. It's hard to explain, but just seeing him gave me a lift." The Yankees won two out of three games from Los Angeles to tie for the league lead. "I got you into first place," cracked Mantle as the team flew back to New York. "Now you're on your own."

The Yankees were on their own, because Mantle's knee was slow healing. Manager Ralph Houk cloaked his worry in forced humor. One evening before a night game Houk was talking to Mantle and some other Yankees in the locker room. "I don't see why you can't run stiff-legged," he told Mantle. Houk straightened his left leg and took off down the length of the room, disappearing into the showers. Mantle was convulsed with laughter. Houk reappeared seconds later, still running with one leg stiff. "I can go pretty good this way," said Houk.

"That's as fast as you can go anyway," Mantle told him, then got to his feet and made a timid attempt to copy the maneuver. His clumsy movements were a tragicomedy.

Old card table legs

Mantle took batting practice every day. "Hitting with the rinkydinks, Mick?" Whitey Ford liked to say. Mantle swung easily and shortened his stride, but even so, when he swung and missed, his legs would tremble like those of an old card table. When he hit the ball, though, it had the old Mantle ring, up and out. He hit the ball so well one day, sending drive after drive into the right-field stands, that Houk yelled to him from the dugout. When Mantle looked over, Houk produced his lineup card and pretended he was inserting Mantle's name. Mantle answered him by limping exaggeratedly as he left the cage.

Being unable to play himself, Mantle concentrated on rooting, keeping the Yankees laughing with his Oklahoma-style sense of humor. He is a remarkably good clown. Recently he came into the dugout from the dressing room with a sheet of chewing tobacco pasted over one of his front teeth and his cap pulled down hard on his head so that his ears stuck out. He walked down the length of the dugout with a looney, pop-eyed expression on his face. "Hiya, fellas,"

he said, sounding like Mortimer Snerd. Then he went to the top step, assumed a slouched stance and yelled out to Baltimore's Harry Brecheen, who was throwing batting practice. "Hiya, Harry," he said. "Hey, Harry, hiya." Brecheen looked over and couldn't throw a strike for the next minute.

Mantle has always been especially friendly and encouraging to the Yankee rookies. Joe DiMaggio, it is said, was never more than courteous to Mantle at a time when Mickey ached for words of encouragement, so Mantle has always gone out of his way to treat rookies like people. His locker, accidentally or not, is right between those of Tom Tresh and Phil Linz, both rookies.

"This spring," Linz recalled recently, "a group of us walked over to Mickey's locker to introduce ourselves. He told me he had read a lot about me and welcomed me to the Yankees. Later, during exhibition games, he'd pass me on the way to the dugout after an inning and tell me what a good play I'd made. Imagine Mickey Mantle taking time to tell me that."

Mantle likes to kid the rookies. "He's always saying, 'Grab the suitcases, will you Pep?' " says Joe Pepitone. "Heck, I'd do it, but he'd never let me."

Earlier this year in Detroit, Pepitone and Linz were eating dinner in the same restaurant with Mantle and Ford. "Mickey came over," said Linz. "He told us that he and Whitey rarely did this, but they'd like to show us around a bit after dinner. They told us to meet them and they gave us an address. Mickey said to ask for Mr. Mantle's table. We thought, 'Boy, they must really like us.' Joe and I took a cab to the address and as soon as it stopped we could see we'd been had. It was a run-down strip-tease joint."

Throughout the days of this badinage, and at least 30 times a day, Mantle was asked about the condition of his legs. Finally he got a piece of paper on which he printed: "Slight improvement. Be back in two weeks. So don't ask." He taped the paper to his chest for all to see. "It won't work," he said gloomily as he put it on. "They'll still ask how's it feeling."

During batting practice one day a pudgy fellow pushed his way between Elston Howard and John Blanchard and grabbed Mantle's hand. "How are you, Mick," he said. "We're all rooting for

you." He then explained that he was a disc jockey from Texas. All the time he talked to Mantle he kept poking him in the shoulder with his forefinger. "Know all your home run records," the man went on. "You've hit 13, 23, 21, 27, ..." Mantle stood quietly, leaning on his bat, gazing out toward the bleachers in center field. When the man had finally finished, he grabbed Mantle's hand once more and fled. Mantle looked at Howard and rolled his eyes upward. Then he grinned.

It is a measure of Mantle's new maturity that he was able to bear the disc jockey. A few years ago he would have reduced the man to rubble with a humiliating remark. "I care much more about other people's feelings now," he said when he was asked about the incident. "I used to think what the hell, and not waste any time with them. Now I realize they have feelings too."

It is possible that the addition of Roger Maris to the Yankees has had much to

do with the change in Mantle. Maris has been subject to the same intense publicity as Mantle, and he has often seemed young and petulant. Perhaps Mantle saw himself mirrored, an often unpopular image, and unconsciously changed. Or maybe it is simply age. Mantle is almost 31 now. His hair is still light blond, but there are wrinkles under his eyes and he is a little soft around the middle. His name still appears in the New York columns as having been seen at such-and-such a club, but there are signs that he is thinking of his family more often. "They're coming up here this summer," he said recently. "I don't get to see the boys much. The oldest one is 9. He's a pretty good athlete. I'm going to bring him out here and let him work out. He likes football better than baseball. He's a good runner."

One thing worries Mantle far more than his fragile knees and his baseball career, although it is a related problem. His father died of cancer at 39 and two

uncles died of the same disease younger than that. "I hope I make it to 40," Mantle said recently. "Sure. I kid about it, but I think about it, too."

Mickey Mantle's medical prospects are of far more than personal interest. When Mantle loped through the Detroit series last weekend without reinjuring himself, it was New Year's Eve in the Yankee dressing room. "I'm satisfied," Mantle said. "The only time I worried was on the bases. I didn't want to slide. I would have had to hold my left leg still."

Ralph Houk smiled for the press. "We score more runs when he's in there," said Houk. "Everything is better when he's in there." That much is true. Houk also said, "He passed the first test with flying colors. That's a relief off my mind." This was for show. What Houk meant is that he is scared to death. He knows Mantle's condition is still far from good, and that without Mantle the world champion Yankees are goners. **ENO**

MANAGER RALPH HOUK BROODS AS HE CONSIDERS HIS YANKEES WITHOUT THE BREAKWINNER, MICKEY MANTLE, IN THE LINEUP





A CLIMACTIC RACE AT WALNUT

For the first time, four Americans run the mile in under four minutes. But the U.S. track team, preparing to meet the Russians and Poles, faces new and toughened opposition

by **TEX MAULE**

When the U.S. track and field team tangles with Poland in Chicago this weekend and with the Russians in Palo Alto in late July, the outcome in each case should be the same as before: victory for the U.S. But the script seems to

be changing. Last week's National AAU championships produced the best team we have sent into international competition, a team with better balance and depth because of striking improvement in the distance events, where the U.S.

was once everybody's patsy. The odd thing about the dual meets ahead is that both Poland and Russia are improved too—in field events such as the discus throw and broad jump that we have always dominated.



HITTING THE TAPE at the end of the grueling mile run and still carrying the sting he broke, at the 1,500-meter distance, Jim Beatty beats Teammate Jim Grelle and Marine Cary Weisger.

While the two invaders went about selecting their teams in some totalitarian manner in Warsaw and Moscow, we picked ours democratically enough in Walnut, Calif., where the post office sits in lonely grandeur surrounded by contemplative cows. In addition to cows, however, Walnut has Mount San Antonio College and a track fast enough to make a runner's eyes shine like an AAU official's head. It was here that the 1960 U.S. Olympic team set five world records in

one day while warming up for Rome, and it was here last Saturday night that a most unusual mile race was run: four Americans finished under four minutes.

The four were Jim Beatty (3:57.9), Jim Grelle (3:58.1), Cary Weisger (3:58.1) and Bill Dotson (3:59). Beatty, Grelle and Weisger were no great surprise. Both Weisger, a Marine lieutenant out of Duke, and the veteran Grelle have been under four minutes before, and Beatty accomplishes the once

legendary feat these days almost as casually as he pulls on his spikes. The newcomer to the clan was Dotson, a good middle-distance runner from Kansas who found the inspiration to clip 15 seconds off his best previous time. There might have been five men under four minutes, except that Dwyer Burleson was sitting in the stands.

In some ways the AAU mile was less a footrace than a mass tactical assault by the runners of the Los Angeles Track Club, coached by the expatriate Hungarian Mihaly Igloi, upon the other poor, perspiring individuals in the nine-man field. The timing and spirit of cooperation among Igloi's men would have done credit to the Ferrari team at Le Mans.

Throughout the four laps Beatty shouted orders like a top sergeant. Teammate Grelle led for the first lap, as planned, but Beatty, who was to take over for the second lap, got caught in the traffic. So Beatty yelled at Teammate Bob Seaman to move over. Seaman moved out, giving Beatty a hole on the rail, and little Jim shot through. Then Beatty yelled at Teammate Grelle, Grelle, too, gave him running room inside. Maybe all the shouting tired Beatty out. Although he won, Jim didn't have the tremendous closing rush that has characterized his best races. Weisger, who was supposed to fold, surprised everyone but himself by leading the two L.A. Track Club men down the backstretch of the final lap. Beatty passed Weisger at the turn, and it took a desperate effort by Grelle to beat the Marine to the tape. Beatty's time equaled the meet record set by Herb Elliott in 1958.

Where Burleson might have finished, no one will ever find out. Allegedly pressured into running in the AAU meet in order to qualify for a trip to New Zealand this fall, the piqued 3:57.6 miler from Oregon chose to run not in the mile but in the three-mile instead. Burleson had never run a three-mile race before and he didn't on Saturday either. While Murray Halberg, the New Zealand Olympic champion, was setting an AAU meet record of 13:30.6, closely followed by little Max Trues and Canada's Bruce Kidd, Burleson dropped out after seven of the 12 laps. As a result, for both the Russian and Polish meets, Burleson will be in the stands once again.

EWING

IF YOU WANT TO SEE OUR WONDERS, ASK US

Natives of the state of Washington are cozy about the places they love, but Dolly Connelly spills the beans for visitors to Seattle's World's Fair

This is Don Holzer's place. He and his wife and children have been going to it for picnics since time out of mind—for the children, that is. Don remembers well enough when he first found it, the day he took that side road off 101 where it runs along the edge of the rain forest in Olympic National Park. He followed the Hoh River for a while, and there it was, with the big old trees rising in a tangle overhead and the forest floor all green and soft underfoot and the still enchantment over everything that only the rain forest has. And ever since the Holzers have thought of it as their own, although everybody in the state of Washington, including all the tourists at the World's Fair in Seattle only 116 miles away, could go there, too—if they knew where it was.

I won't say there's a conspiracy afoot to keep such knowledge from our visitors; it's just the way we feel about the place we live. It's big and beautiful and open and free, and some of us are just a bit afraid that too many of our guests this summer

continued

Photographs by Todd Rasmussen





WASHINGTON WONDERS *continued*

might want to stay here. Billy Reece and his little sister Debbie, for example, consider it perfectly natural to have an entire seven-square-mile island in the San Juans, beautiful Blakely, all for their very own as a playground. Where else can two kids roam wild and unwatched on empty pebbled beaches, hunting agates (*right*), testing them for lucidity against a sun whose brightness shines undimmed by civilization's smog? And Andrew Galbraith, the orchard owner from Yakima, shares his favorite trout waters in Horseshoe Lake (*below*) only with his children Anne and Peter and nesting eagles. No wonder that when Fair promoters launched a contest for the best schoolchild note of invitation to prospective Fair visitors the little ones rebelled and wrote:

continued









WASHINGTON WONDERS *continued*

"They'll drop beer cans on our mountain trails!"

So our defense is likely to be. "Well, you didn't ask me!" Of course, if you do ask us, we'll have to tell you—how to get to the fog-shrouded, stormy beaches of Olympic Peninsula (*left*), where logger Phil Brower and his little daughter Janice dip for spawning smelt; or out to the ancient apple orchards at Peavine Pass in the San Juans, where Cindy Caruthers and Billy Reece (*above*) are playing with these tame deer. The key to our outdoor fun is participation, kids and all. In a state that is 25% national forest and includes two great national parks, 66 state parks and innumerable recreation areas, there is enough for everybody. But if you don't ask us natives, as you tour around it, for tips to the places we love, you won't see it at all.

END

Their views on how to build a golf course could hardly be less alike—and they don't mind saying so—but both Trent Jones and Dick Wilson bring their special genius to a booming business *by GWILYM S. BROWN*

GOLF'S BATTLING ARCHITECTS



Robert Trent Jones, 56, is an urbane man with glistening oxfords, a button-down attitude and a drawing board on his mind. He is a golf course architect. Put it to him discreetly and he will concur that he is the best golf course architect in the world.

Louis Sabbeth Wilson, 58, is a fierce man with mud on his boots, a straw in his teeth and earth-moving on his mind. He is a golf course architect. Put it to him directly and he will not deny that he is the best golf course architect in the world.

There are, it would seem, grounds for a major disagreement between these two personalities—but there is no disputing that they have become two vital and dominant figures in the biggest boom that golf course construction has ever known. Lovingly cultivated, glistening green strips of turf are being finished at the rate of about one a day, some of them on such unlikely terrain as plunging mountainsides, steamy jungles, sizzling deserts and soggy swamps—almost, it seems, wherever there is space. In the U.S. alone during 1962, more than 300 18-hole courses will be completed.

Building one of these recreational marvels is a complex and expensive bit of business. It can require a couple of dozen pieces of earth-moving equipment, up to 300,000 cubic yards of topsoil, 500,000 feet of tubing, six tons of grass seed and a cash outlay of \$150,000 to more than \$1 million, depending on the nature of the property. And the critical factor behind all this churning expenditure of time, energy and money is the golf course architect. For a fee of \$20,000 to \$50,000 he judges whether a course can be built in the first place, decides how much it will cost and, finally, designs it—hopefully as a “true championship test” (as they say in the brochures) instead of just a parade ground with 18 holes cut into it.

For years Trent Jones (no relation to golf's Bobby Jones) combined his engineering ability with a quiet knack for public relations so effectively that he was the only golf course architect the public had ever heard of. But recently tumultuous Dick Wilson (he acquired the new first name in grammar school)

GEDONAIR JONES (left) poses behind desk like a lecturing professor, while ramped Wilson (right) broodingly surveys his Pine Tree course.

has attained equal if not higher status, and the two are now engaged in a running active dispute that is only sometimes friendly. In theory, practice and personality Jones and Wilson have as much resemblance as a pitching wedge and a brassie. About the only point on which the two agree, in fact, is that theirs is a complex, difficult and sadly misunderstood profession.

"Wilson is a fine architect," says Jones charitably, "but he tends to mime a bit too much. He uses some holes over and over again, and he builds too many doglegs. On some courses he'll dogleg 14 of the 18 holes."

"Jones is a nice fella and a good friend of mine," says Wilson, just as charitably. "But as far as his work is concerned, I think he gives an impression of too many straight lines. Straight lines are something you want to get away from."

"Wilson copies a lot of our ideas," says Jones, jabbing away relentlessly. "The long tees, the flanked trapping. We got a lot of fun out of this last year when we were putting in the Country Club of Miami and Wilson was near by building Dorla. He'd come over to our course, take a look at some of the things we were doing, then run back and put the same things in at Dorla. And another thing, I could design a course that everyone would think had been done by Wilson, but he couldn't ever build a Jones course."

"For heaven's sake!" (or words to that effect), says Wilson. "If I'd wanted to copy anything I'd have picked a better course than the Country Club of Miami. I never copied a golf hole in my life, even one of my own. Besides, Jones's work is too much on the artificial, manufactured side to suit me. It doesn't fit the ground as well as it should because he hasn't made enough effort to fit it. Even from the very first his work never showed this effort. Look at it like this. You can put a beautiful woman in an expensive dress, but if the dress doesn't fit, neither the woman nor the dress is going to look any good at all. It's the same with building a golf course. You got to cut the course to fit the property."

No matter what they say about each other, both architects are too good-natured to become overly wrought by their verbal scuffling. And they are too busy Jones has built some of the

hemisphere's most magnificent and best-known courses, Peachtree near Atlanta is his, the Dunes in Myrtle Beach, S.C., Dorado in Puerto Rico and Puntia Valley in California are his, too. So are the glamorous resort-area courses that are being built in Hawaii, the Philippines, Colombia, Jamaica and Spain. For years the directors of major tournaments have had a way of unfailingly summoning Jones when they wanted to toughen up their courses to torment the pros. Thus Oakland Hills and Baltusrol called him in before their U.S. Opens, as did Firestone prior to the

1960 PGA. His work became a prestige symbol in golfing.

But it is his very popularity that has brought Jones's critics down on him. They complain that his work is losing its singularity and effectiveness, that he has become a wholesale Rembrandt.

"Nonsense," replies Jones. "I could take on three times the work I do now. Just look at my courses. They are all great."

While his creative powers may or may not be overtaxed, Jones has one real asset going for him: nobody else in the world has a finer technical knowledge of



golf course design. Starting in the fall of 1927, he spent three years as a special student at Cornell, hopping from undergraduate to graduate courses in engineering, architecture and agriculture. His study program was a catalog of what the well-prepared golf architect should know: surveying, hydraulics, landscape architecture, agronomy, chemistry, horticulture, economics and—significantly—public speaking.

Today, sitting at the cluttered desk in his penthouse office overlooking New York's financial district, and dressed immaculately in a dark suit, blue button-down Oxford shirt and dark-striped tie, Jones explains in his cultivated voice just what a golf course is all about. "There are three basic types," he says: "The penal, like Pine Valley. You're punished when you miss a shot. The strategic, such as Augusta National. You're not punished for a bad shot, but you've got to play position to get the most out of the course. And the heroic. Merion is one. There are alternate routes for the weaker player, but to get into position for a birdie or par approach to the green you have to carry hazards off the tee."

As Jones talks he skillfully sketches on scraps of paper various types of greens or traps or holes he has built or would like to build. It is plain that the artistic side of golf architecture stirs him the most, not the bulldozing. He admits as much. "The heart of a golf course is in the designing," he says. "Any good civil engineer can handle the clearing and the drainage."

Dick Wilson is a ground-clearing, drainage-designing civil engineer, who bluntly says, "It takes a better man to build a course than to lay one out."

He learned the construction business from the bottom of a mudhole up. The son of a dirt contractor in Philadelphia, Wilson attended the University of Vermont on a football scholarship (as a quarterback), then joined the Philadelphia architectural firm of Toomey & Flynn in 1924. Flynn was one of the country's most imaginative course designers, and Wilson acquired his professional education translating Flynn's blueprints into reality.

Then came the Depression. It caught Wilson while he was working on the Indian Creek Club in Miami Beach and stranded him in Florida like a beached bass. He has lived there since. Build-

ing golf courses in Depression days was about as lucrative as peddling hard liquor to Mormons, so Wilson found a job managing the Delray Beach Country Club and took small renovation jobs when he could find them. He camouflaged airfields early during World War II and launched himself into golf architecture on a full-time basis in 1945. Business was slow at first, but by 1952 it had picked up sufficiently for Wilson to take on an associate, Joe Lee, a 30-year-old graduate of the University of Miami.

In a sense, Wilson already had a partner, a quite unwanted one. It was a wildly improbable, recurring nightmare. In his dreams Wilson kept seeing an exquisite golf course, designed by him, which was to open the next day; to his horror, it always had 17 holes.

To make sure, among other things, that the total number of holes he designs each year is divisible by nine, Wilson now employs, in addition to Lee, seven full-time project engineers. These men help him supervise the construction of the 10 or so courses he lays out annually. His ability to pick these men has had much to do with his success to date.

"Wilson surrounds himself with top talent," says the greens committee chairman of a course the architect is now renovating. "He has experts on trapping, on irrigation, on greens. If he hears of a good man he'll go get him."

"We can handle the details," says Frank Butto, who is one of Wilson's construction supervisors, "but it's his overall design we're working with and his finishing touches that make all the difference."

This method of operation has been proved successful on such Wilson-designed courses as Lyford Cay, done for E. P. Taylor (51, April 2) in Nassau; Paradise Island off Nassau for Huntington Hartford; Meadow Brook and Deepdale on Long Island; Villa Real in Havana; Doral in Miami; two (of which he is exceptionally proud) for the National Cash Register Company in Dayton; and two for the PGA national headquarters north of Palm Beach, Fla., scheduled to open in December. That the PGA should have hired him is indicative of the esteem in which he is held among knowing golf men.

Wilson's finest course to date, however, undoubtedly is the one he has just created for the Pine Tree Golf Club, a solid, dignified real estate and country club venture near Delray Beach. Opened for play last January, the course was

continued

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built over a 168-acre stretch of sand and scrub pines. It is such a superb golf course that Arnold Palmer and Dow Finsterwald, both professionally connected with clubs near by, have applied for conventional, private memberships that will cost them \$12,000. The remarks of other leading pros, recorded in Pine Tree's guest book, sound like critics' blurbs for a golfing *My Fair Lady*:

"The best course I have ever seen."

—Ben Hogan

"A truly great course."—Jack Nicklaus

"The greatest course I have ever played."—Ruth Jessen

"Dick Wilson's greatest work of all."—Gardner Dickinson

"One of the best two I have ever played."—Ted Kroll (When asked what the other course was Kroll said, "I haven't played it yet.")

After playing a Wilson course, and observing the winding, softly mounded fairways, the gentle contouring of the greens, the artistically molded bunkers, in fact, the vast natural and muted beauty of the entire layout, it is something of a shock to meet its creator. In many respects Wilson resembles a disreputable, if cheerful, beachcomber. His sparse gray hair is usually windblown and his habitual costume is rumpled khaki slacks, sports jacket and a sport shirt with its collar open wide. Wilson can be shockingly forthright, but beneath his prickly outer crust there is an engaging honest warmth.

"Dick won't hesitate to chew someone out if he thinks they've blown something," says Bob Hagge, one of the members of the Wilson staff and the husband of pro golfer Marlene Hagge. "He reminds me of a ball of barbed wire and ground glass. But when the situation calls for compassion he will melt like a marshmallow. He's such a bug on honesty that he does all his business with a handshake. He is owed a lot of money that will never get paid."

The barbed-wire-and-ground-glass aspect of Wilson is becoming a golf legend. Several years ago he designed three courses for the Royal Montreal Golf Club in Canada. At a meeting of the club's board of directors, held when work was just getting under way, Wilson fell into violent disagreement with a board member who insisted that the club install plastic piping in the watering system.

Wilson slapped a pile of green bills on the conference table. "Here's \$1,000 in cash that says the plastic pipe won't work," he roared. The startled board member wisely declined to make the bet, but stubbornly insisted on the plastic pipe. The plastic-pipe joints exploded under the water pressure, and the Royal Montreal is now engaged in a \$500,000 lawsuit against the parties involved. An entirely new watering system will probably have to be installed.

Wilson once attended a meeting where a rather pompous multimillionaire who was picking up the tab for two proposed courses, launched into a lengthy preamble about his own importance. Everyone at the large conference was fidgeting. Suddenly Wilson picked up a wastebasket, slammed it down on the glass-topped desk of the industrialist and declared, "Let's stuff the nonsense in here and start talking business."

Wilson can be as outspoken about golf courses, even the most admired ones. "All they've got up there," he says of the Augusta National, "is the Masters. They've done a fine job with that, but they don't really have much of a golf course. Number one, there's too much demand for putting on those big, rolling greens. A fellow can be playing real good, but if he doesn't have his putting touch he'll score very badly. It's scenic, and the short holes are fine—the 12th and the 16th are two of the best holes in golf—but the par 5s aren't par 5s, they're 4½s. Also the golf course never plays its length unless the weather is bad. If they played that tournament at any other time of year but spring you'd have awfully low scores."

"Oakmont? It's one of the most unattractive courses I've ever seen," Wilson says of the site of this year's U.S. Open. "It looks as if it had been built by an amateur. If I had it to rebuild, I'd take out all those sharp lines that don't conform to the surrounding countryside. That first hole, for instance, it's like hanging out a window. You just hit your shots straight out in front of you. Oakmont is like a girl in a wrong dress," he concluded, resorting to his favorite cliché.

Wilson feels there are only two truly great established golf courses in the U.S. They are Pine Valley in Clementon, N.J., designed by George Crump in 1920 and considered to be one of the most demanding courses in the world and Merion, just outside of Philadelphia, the surprisingly successful work of an amateur architect named Hugh Wilson (no

—Continued

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San Diego	62	22
Crosby	101	69
Lucky	51	25
Palm Springs	187	142
Phoenix	81	19
Tucson	91	15
New Orleans	56	14
Boston Rouge	96	13
PGA Grs.	233	38
Pensacola	89	12
St. Petersburg	81	20
Doral Open	67	21
Anzlee	76	13
Masters	28	18
Houston Classic	46	19
Greensboro Open	91	18
Texas Open	95	19

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GLAMOROUS COURSE IN HAWAII REFLECTS JONES'S LOVE OF THE SPECTACULAR

GOLF ARCHITECTS continued

relation). They both exemplify theories of golf-course building that Wilson feels are vitally important. Behind them Wilson would place the No. 2 course in Pinehurst, N.C. and Shinnecock in Southampton, N.Y.

"A golf course should look more vicious to the player than it actually is," he says. "It should inspire you, keep you alert. If you're playing over a sleepy-looking golf course, you're naturally going to fall asleep. Pine Valley is a good example of what I mean. If I had to pick any course in the world to play someone at match play I'd pick this one. It looks a lot scarier than it is. I'd just go along playing the course and let the other fellow scare himself right out of the match."

Merion, however, is the course that has most thoroughly influenced Dick Wilson's work, just as it did Bill Flynn's. It is not excessively long—6,700 yards—and there are only one or two potential disaster holes, but Merion requires intense thought and concentration all the way around, Wilson says.

"A golf course should require equal use of every aspect of the game, rather than make a disproportionate demand on one or two phases, such as driving or

putting," says Wilson. Merion does this.

To varying extents both Jones and Wilson have tried to suit their courses to a balanced golf game. They have gone in for long tees (some of them up to and over 100 yards) and large greens (8,000 to 12,000 square feet) that supply an endless variety of tee and pin positions. Their courses, as a result, create the same interesting challenge for pro and duffer alike. "With shapely, well-designed greens and long tees," says Jones, who first implemented his theories with the Peachtree course in 1948, "we can establish 2,500 different combinations on a golf course. The course never has to play the same way twice."

Wilson and Jones have done much to dispel the old notion that golf courses are laid out by nonplaying sadists who don't like the game and seek to punish those who do. They love the game intensely, they are good enough players themselves to shoot in the 70s and they both are continually seeking new ways to make courses prettier, more varied, better-balanced and more interesting for players of every classification. They may approach the challenge with conflicting philosophies and opposing personalities; each dogmatically avows that he alone is right; but between them they are giving golfers the finest courses ever built. **END**

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A startling transformation has overtaken the country's playgrounds in the past few years. Far-out, semiabstract designs, based on a study of what children really do when they play and what they actually need, have been slowly replacing the good old-fashioned slide, swing and seesaw

NEW LOOK AT THE SANDBOX

A playground used to be a place with a slide and a swing and a sandbox. Kads played there and mothers sat on the benches enjoying the sun until it was time to go home.

But playgrounds have changed. Oh boy, how they've changed! There are still plenty with slides and swings and shouting kids and mothers on benches enjoying the sun. But there are other playgrounds now, and lots of them, with big conduit pipes and geodesic climbers (*right*), with space stations, fire engines, satellites, sculptured giraffes, concrete octopuses, polyblocks, hexapods, stalactites, strange metal growths that look like cactus forests, perforated shells that kids play under and moon rockets that stand as high as a three-story house.

Even the colors are different. Old-fashioned

continued

BY ROBERT CREAMER





Kids like to crawl. The flexible network tunnel (right) combines the fun of crawling with the challenge of adjusting muscles and balance as the links move and sway. Kids like to climb, too. The space station (below) demands the exertion of reaching, lifting, clambering; it returns the sheer joy of climbing—into something, like a boat, or up high on top of something, like the world.







Thematic playgrounds sometimes seem contrived, but moon rockets (above) and satellites (right) use a child's imagination to stimulate active play.







High and dry in a sandpile, the spooky octopus adds fine adventure to the simple fun of climbing up and jumping off.

PLAYGROUNDS (continued)

playgrounds are a sort of mottled green and brown—a grass patch here, a dirt patch there—interspersed with the straight gray lines of the steel pipes that hold up the slides, the swings and the jungle gyms. The new-look playgrounds are wald with color—mustard yellows, burnt umbers, sea greens, candy stripes, brilliant reds and blues, great squares of pastels decorating the sides of service buildings—the whole set off by chalk-white, free-form globs of reinforced concrete that pop out of the ground almost anywhere.

"Playgrounds today look like modern art museums," a sour observer of the current scene recently observed, sourly. And indeed, modern playground equipment is displayed in museums. The orange-and-yellow satellite shown on a previous page was photographed at the California Museum of Science and Industry in Los Angeles, which installed a small functioning playground as an exhibit. Furthermore, David Aaron, president of Playground Corporation of America and a leading manufacturer of contemporary equipment, used to be a sculptor himself.

The old standard playground items—the solid, steady swings, the long, straight slides, the square jungle gyms, the unadorned sandboxes, the simple seesaws—still make up the great bulk of playground material currently in use and being sold. But modern equipment is gaining a larger and larger share of the market as new schools and housing developments and urban renewal projects and even motels and driving ranges and bowling alleys build new or rebuild old playgrounds.

Why? Well, undoubtedly, in part, because it is a fad—it is different, it is intriguing, it is new. (Don't let your town be the last one to put in a rocket ship, for the love of Mike.) But beyond that latest-fashion aspect, the present trend has some solid reasons for being.

One such reason is the cheering fact that most of the new equipment is aimed, designed and built for the child. That is, it is made to stimulate a child's interest and imagination so that he will voluntarily devote more time and physical effort to his playing. Another reason is safety, an old bugaboo of recreational directors. Everyone seems to agree that it is not necessarily desirable for a child to play in a perfectly safe environment; a little danger, a little risk is a good

thing. But it is true that moving equipment, like swings and seesaws and merry-go-rounds—things that move while the child holds relatively still—cause more injuries than nonmoving apparatus, things like climbers that hold still while the child moves around. ("You know what a swing is?" a Long Island man said. "A swing is a thing they put in

playgrounds to knock kids' teeth out with.")

Most of the modern equipment is non-moving. Of course, no playground object is perfectly safe, says Safety Expert Dr. M. Alexander Gabrielsen of New York University, not even sandboxes. ("Sandboxes get dirty," he points out. "Small children wet their pants in them.



Inexpensive materials, like logs, make a dragon pit in Maplewood, N.J.

They throw sand, too.") And injuries are more than just a question of kids getting hurt. They also mean lawsuits, since people nowadays tend to think of lawsuits before they think of Band-Aids.

Because schools, municipalities and the like operate playgrounds for people and not for profit, the tendency when they get sued by the people they are serving is to close up, close down, fence off, oversupervise. This effectively atrophies the whole purpose of recreational areas. It is the problem facing Dr. Gabrielsen and other students of safety and everyone in the recreation field—how to achieve maximum participation with minimum injury—and it is another strong argument for the new concept of design. The paraphernalia is reasonably safe, and it does attract kids to playgrounds.

Which brings us to attractiveness, another powerful recommendation for the newest playgrounds. According to Robert W. Crawford, Commissioner of Recreation in Philadelphia and the most admired and respected recreation man in the country, "There is absolutely no excuse for our facilities to be drab, dull and unattractive. We have found in Philadelphia that modern, attractive recreational facilities increase attendance as much as 800%." Recreation facilities should be designed along esthetic lines and so constructed that they demand attention. The so-called standard equipment is not providing the challenge necessary for growing boys and girls. While I am not proposing that the conventional equipment be discarded, there is no doubt that a genuine need exists for research and experimentation with apparatus for playgrounds that will open up a new world of stimulating, imaginative and creative equipment."

David Aaron of Playground Corporation agrees. "Play is important to kids," he explains. "Play is important to adults, too, but it's a respite, a release, an escape from the principal business of life. But for kids, play is the principal business of life. They're always learning, always developing physical and mental skills."

"Now, you take a slide," Aaron continues. "Kids go up the ladder and they slide down. After a while one kid—usually the biggest—goes up the ladder and stops on the top. He's the king. And nobody slides until he's ready to go. It's a

take-turn piece of equipment. Swings are, too. If you have eight swings, eight is the maximum number of kids who can use the swings at any one time."

"What do you do on a swing? You swing back and forth. What do you do on a slide? You slide down. It's a lot of fun, but after a few minutes kids want to do something else. One starts to twist the swing to make it go in different directions, and someone gets hurt. Another gets bored sliding down the slide, so he turns around and decides to walk up. Now, I like the kid who decides to climb back up. He's imaginative. He's thinking. He's testing himself and the equipment he has at hand. He's finding out things. But when he walks up the slide, nobody else can slide down. Or else somebody tries to come down and falls off the slide."

"What we're trying to do is develop equipment that will stimulate the child who wants to climb back up, who wants to get up on top, but equipment that will also allow the smaller child, or the less experienced or slightly scared child, to climb around the bottom while the aggressive kid is climbing around the top. Take our space station, for example [see color]. A coordinated, aggressive kid will climb right up the side, crawl over the top and drop down into the shell. Now, another kid figures he can't climb like that, he's new, he doesn't know how. But he can crawl up through the bottom and there he is, right there with the other kids. Then he gets brave—or experienced, which is sometimes the same thing—and climbs a little higher, and there he is, on top of everything. He's learned, he's learned a lot of things, about himself and other people. He's used a lot of different muscles. And he hasn't kept some other kids from learning."

All well and good, but a big argument against geodesic climbers and space ships and the like is that they are expensive. David Aaron's space station costs almost \$1,000. His "playscapes," which in effect are playground packages, cost from \$1,700 up. The Jamison Manufacturing Company's moon rocket, an impressively imaginative climbing and sliding device, costs more than \$2,000. But for less than \$1,500 a playground can buy a whole mess of old-fashioned standbys from a company like J. E. Burke—a little kids' swing and a big kids' swing, a baby slide and a big slide, a

merry-go-round, a couple of horizontal ladders in different heights and a triple turning bar.

"The question is," says Dr. Gabrielsen, "whether the modern stuff, fine as it is, is worth the extra expense. Most recreation departments operate on a limited budget."

Some communities, like Maplewood, N.J., have beaten the cost factor by building their own modern playgrounds out of good ideas and cheap materials—mazes made of railroad ties, for example, or climbing forts of logs. But the best answer right now can be found in Philadelphia. Although many cities around the country, large and small, are sprucing



up playground facilities, Philadelphia, under Robert Crawford's dynamic and imaginative direction, is the bellwether, the leader. It spends money. Manufacturers with new equipment try to sell Philadelphia first. If they sell Philly, they have a better chance of getting some other city to buy.

Crawford will sometimes accept a piece of equipment on consignment, so to speak, install it and test it to see how children like it and use it. If the kids don't go for it, or get tired of it too quickly, out it goes.

Philadelphia designs and builds a lot of its own equipment, too, assigning various recreation projects to different

architects to avoid stereotyping playgrounds. One Philadelphia playground will feature a spiral slide, another a series of concrete castles, a third a modernist crawl-through caterpillar. Because children like to run through water sprayed from hoses or fire hydrants, Philadelphia has sprays (below)—especially designed and constructed—in various playgrounds. Crawford also tries to integrate playgrounds into neighborhood recreational centers that adults will use, too.

Although Philadelphia budgets more money for its recreation department than other cities, the results so far have been so rewarding in terms of appearance and

participation that other communities have been taking notice. Sophisticated New York, which loves jokes like "I went to Philadelphia last Tuesday but it was closed" or "I spent a summer in Philadelphia one weekend," has egg on its face when it compares its limited and constricted playground facilities to those in the quieter city. But to New York's credit, its leaders are writing letters to Philadelphia asking for suggestions and advice.

Thus, expensive or not, modern-museum or not, the new look in playgrounds is spreading. You look around and you see signs of it everywhere. Maybe even in your town.

END

Philadelphia, which leads the country in recreational development, applies imaginative design to simple pleasures to produce such delights as this handsome outdoor spray.





Going-places-to-do-things, Inc.

After years of coddling the rubberneck, travel agents are suddenly rediscovering the fact that tourists are happiest when they're busy

Ten years ago an enterprising young man walked into a big New York travel agency and said he was interested in going after some bass. "What," asked the agent, "is a bass?"

To Travel Editor Ennis L. (Buck) Rogers this was as clear a knock on the door as opportunity was ever likely to give him. He put his typewriter in cold storage and opened a travel agency of his own called Outdoors, Inc. Its aim was the development of what may best be described as active or adventuresome

travel, going places in order to do things rather than just to see things.

Active travel is not entirely new in the travel agency racket. In fact it was a trip with a purpose that put the first travel agent, Thomas Cook, in business. He provided the flatcar that carried a crowd of English do-gooders from Leicester to Loughborough for a temperance meeting 120 years ago. But it was sightseeing—the 20 cities in 40 days kind of sightseeing—that made Cook and other agents wealthy. Only recently, with the success

of Rogers' and similar agencies, has it become as plain as the hotel labels on your steamer trunk that many tourists are tiring of the do-nothing, see-everything philosophy.

The best-known form of active travel is the African safari. According to American Express, it is still popular, though the trend now is to photographing rather than killing the animals. But a safari is still a luxury item, for people with time, money and the special taste for it. One agency offers enough safari to upset the balance of nature as well as most vacation bankrolls. 69 days for \$5,375. More in keeping with the newer concept—and within the framework of most budgets—are tours wrapped around

everyday sports like skiing and fishing.

Skiing tours within and without the U.S. dominate this area, and their success has been an important bellwether for the active travel idea. Characteristically young and gregarious, skiers have learned to take advantage of off-season rates to Europe. Late resorts in sub-equatorial Chile have also begun to attract snow-hungry North Americans to the slopes of the Andes, where it is winter in July. (The cost is around \$1,000 for 17 days.)

The success of ski tours fostered the belief that golf tours might thrive on the same formula. Oddly, they have not. Dozens of golf tours all over the world are proposed by travel agents every year (one 17-day, 10-course swing through Scotland and Ireland sells for \$535, including air fare) but cancellations have been common because of a customer shortage. "Somehow the golfer simply doesn't share that outgoing, we're-all-in-this-together attitude you find in skiers," says one travel agent. "To sell him, you sometimes have to sell the rest of the foursome he normally plays with."

Fishermen customarily shun the crowd, too, but for those willing to sacrifice seclusion for economy (group travel is naturally cheaper than individual travel), there are assorted fishing packages available. A trip into the Canadian wilderness, for example, costs about \$270 a person for five days with an optional "fly-out" trip to Labrador for an extra \$130. Salmon fishing in Norway can be had for about \$300 for seven days, air fare excluded. For those who would combine fishing with camping, a San Diego travel agent will send you to Europe and rent you a car, a tent, a skillet and a road map for \$800 for a month. The opposite of this free-spirited approach is a trip sold by a rival concern in Beverly Hills called Roll-O-Tours. On this, 38 people see Europe by day on a bus and sleep Europe by night in three tight levels of a "hotel-trailer" hitched behind.

In Holland, Rent-A-Boat puts you in the skipper's seat on a sailboat for \$40 a week and in a motor cruiser for \$100 a week. You take it from there down that country's 2,000 miles of canals, or all the way through Belgium and France to the Mediterranean. In France, Les

Cavaliers Arvernes has horseback tours of the Auvergne; your luggage comes behind by car. If one can consider setting f stops and shutter speeds a form of activity, several agencies—notably North Hollywood's Thru the Lens Tours—will send you picture-taking with subjects ranging from Africa's big game to Norway's apple-cheeked milkmaids.

Every endeavor attracts an oddball element, and active travel is no exception. There are flower-arranging cruises to the South Seas, Vermont vacations that feature sing-alongs with the Trapp Family, whale hunting and lessons in the Eskimo version of the twist in Alaska and teenage summer school sessions in Hawaii (\$898 from Texas, all expenses). "Extra fun tours" for good grades, it is said, keep everybody's mind on his books.

"Watching other American tourists parading in and out of their motor coaches like so many sheep," says young Morton Meyer, president of St. Louis' Open Road Tours, "convinced me they'd go for something better—like a chance to travel on their own program at their own pace and indulge their own impulses."

Last year Open Road sent 500 clients tooting around Europe on their own. This year by June 1 they had already passed that figure. Open Road arranges for cars, supplies maps, reservations and out-of-the-ordinary itineraries that include instructions for finding that tiny restaurant hidden behind the crumbling walls of the ancient priory. One of Meyer's favorite stops, for example, is a small hotel at the end of an inconspicuous alley in southern France. Lying beneath the

guest rooms is a beautifully manicured red clay tennis court—complete with its own professional teacher. "I'll bet you can count on one hand the tourists that know it's there," says Meyer. Moreover, the simple good fortune likely to befall the tourist smart enough to travel on his own, Meyer says, is enough to outweigh the occasional wrong turn he'll make or the fact that his luggage is not handled by a baggage boy. "One morning my wife and I were swimming near Marseilles," he says, by way of example, "when we heard about a little Van Gogh exhibit in Arles where the artist once lived. The paintings we saw when we got there looked exactly like the countryside we'd driven through on the way. This is the sort of travel people hope for, but it's not what they get when they're trapped on a bus or train."

How are things in Manitoba?

If active travel means more fun for the traveler, however, it means many more headaches for the travel agent, which is one good reason why travel has fallen into such ho-hum patterns over the years. Hunting and fishing trips pose the most problems, with skiing and its fluctuating snow conditions pressing right behind.

"The Eiffel Tower and the Taj Mahal just sit there waiting for the sightseers to come," says Buck Rogers, "but it's another matter when you're dealing with fish and game. How do you guarantee the fish will be biting or the game will be plentiful when your customer shows up at the place you've sent him?" Thus, Rogers and his staff are not only required to keep themselves informed on road conditions and the continuing quality of restaurants and hotels, but must keep tabs also on such exotic matters as migration patterns, game laws and nesting conditions in the marshes of Manitoba. "With us a tour can become obsolete a month after we devise it."

But when the timing is right the results are very good indeed. "Some nights," said one recently returned active traveler, "we'd stop at a place and wonder why on earth the agency had sent us there. Then we'd find out. The answer was that handsome little trout stream just over the hill. It was the best touring I've ever done."

END



Three tips from the Open champion

Winning the National Open was, in many respects, a culmination of all the things Jack Nicklaus has learned since joining the professional tour. Now, from his experience, a trio of vital lessons



GETTING THE PALM INTO THE PUTT

An important part of my game in the U.S. Open at Oakmont two weeks ago was my putting. Even on those fast greens I was fortunate enough to three-putt only one hole of the 90 I played, and I saved several pars by getting down some tough five- and six-foot putts. I now feel that my victory was made at least partially possible by something I learned last January. At that time I played a practice round with Jack Burke just before the Palm Springs Desert Classic. I had been putting badly and Jack said he thought I was pulling the putter into the stroke with my fingers instead of swinging the club through with the palm of my right hand. This was not only causing me to pull putts off

line, but was also making me erratic in regard to distance. To correct this mistake in my grip, I moved my right hand to the right so that my thumb was on top of the shaft and the palm of my hand directly under it (*above right*). I practiced with this new grip all week. The following week I discarded the light blade putter I had been using and switched to a heavier blade putter so that I could adjust my stroke more easily to the varying speeds of the greens we encounter from week to week on the tour. Since then, thanks to the new putter and a now much more solidly positioned right hand, I have been putting consistently well. I think these adjustments may help you, too.

WHEN TO EXPLODE . . .

To survive on the pro tour I've had to learn a great many shots that I was never forced to master as an amateur. One lesson I have learned is that the explosion shot can be used to advantage in more places than a sand trap. The explosion has saved me strokes on shots hit from wet turf, loose dirt, sandy rough and pine needles. It is most effective when you are in one of the above situations and have to get the ball up quickly to clear obstacles such as water, sand, bushes, mounds, etc., yet stop the ball quickly on the green. You should use either a pitching or sand wedge and address the ball with the club face wide open (*right*). Pick the club up rather abruptly to the outside on the backswing and then come down about half an inch to an inch behind the ball, hitting the shot as if it were twice its actual length. You have to be bold, making sure you follow through. The shot needs quite a bit of practice but the time will be very well spent.

Drawings by Foster Goldee



. . . AND WHEN NOT TO

I have found putting out of a sand trap to be a good percentage shot when conditions are right. Proper conditions require a trap that is relatively flat and has little or no overhanging lip. Address the ball with your regular putting grip and stance, with this difference: play the ball off the toe of the blade (*below*) instead of the center. Most putting strokes impart backspin to the ball. Hitting it with the toe of the blade seems to give a slinging action to the putt which has a strong tendency to reduce the natural backspin and increase the possibility of a more consistent roll. It provides the control a necessarily delicate explosion shot might not and will help get the ball close to the hole.



An old girl leaves the fast young set in her wake

By making the most of every wisp of wind the 34-year-old schooner 'Niña' gave the favorites a drubbing in the Bermuda race



In this year's Newport-Bermuda race, as 131 boats moved to the starting line like white-winged moths drawn to the rising sun, in the air and sea off Brenton Reef there were signs of an easy run, the sort of run where logic should prevail. The scratch boat, the 73-foot jib-headed South African ketch *Stormvogel*, was a logical choice to lead the fleet all the way. Since, as usual, the fleet included boats of every permissible size and shape, it was equally logical that the overall winner on corrected time would be some small new hull, smartly sailed and smartly designed to make the most of its time allowance.

Over the entire 635-mile run, as predicted by the forecasts at the start, moderate seas and easy sailing weather prevailed, but prudence logic did not. Suffering a torn genoa and a hapless navigation error in unfamiliar Bermuda waters, mighty *Stormvogel* limped in second, two hours behind A. E. Loomis' big blue yawl, *Northern Light*. And well before the whole fleet had made landfall,

the overall winner on corrected time turned out to be an old schooner, *Niña*, that had been nobody's choice to win anything.

At the outset of this year's race the most distinctive thing, indeed, that could be said about *Niña* is that when she left Newport, her decks were virtually awash with logical reasons why she could not win. *Niña* is 34 years old and has spent much of her life in the hands of her present owner, 74-year-old De Coursey Fales, former Commodore of the New York Yacht Club. *Niña* is the only boat that Fales has ever raced; in eight consecutive tries to Bermuda, Fales and *Niña* had won Class A only once, overall honors never. A typical run to Bermuda, with violent heats to windward and long downhill runs, is not a schooner's race and no schooner had won the race since 1930. Furthermore, *Niña's* handicap rating of 49.1 is really too much for an old schooner to give away to the fast young set.

These were the reasons why *Niña*

could not win. Despite them, just before midnight of the fourth day and barely eight minutes after the scratch boat, *Stormvogel*, had finished, the shore lights picked up *Niña* coming across the line on a starboard tack, lee rail almost under, carrying wind in her big jib, her mainsail and an oversize schooner sail set between the main and foremast that, for want of a better name, *Niña's* crew commonly calls a "grand monster goliwobbler." At this moment of triumph the old commodore, De Coursey Fales, was standing up before the helm, hutching up the broad leather belt that girdled his middle against the pangs of arthritis. "*Niña* is home," Commodore Fales announced quietly to his crew. "Thank you, gentlemen, God bless you all." The reason *Niña* had done so well was immediately summed up reverently but most honestly by a dejected South African crewman aboard *Stormvogel*: "The bloody old commodore sailed his bloody old schooner bloody fast."

By coming in hard behind *Stormvogel*,

Niña was virtually certain to take Class A honors, but the rest of the fleet, with time allowances stretching upward to a day and eight hours, was still strung out on the sea, moving on through clear windy air. Consequently, few if any of the sailors awaiting the returns on the lawn of the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club expected *Niña's* time to stand up as the balance of the fleet came across the line. At 11:23 the following morning C. W. Ufford's white 45-foot sloop *Gaylak* wrapped up the Class B victory. While committing a navigational error of 41 miles, *Gaylak* had luckily blundered into a good patch of wind that no one else found. Even with this stroke of luck, *Gaylak's* time was not good enough to take the overall first from *Niña*. *Niña's* mate, Peter Comstock, kept a restless vigil near the press room phones, awaiting word of further finishers. "It takes a lot of sailing to kill a man," he said around suppertime of the fifth day, "but a man can get old quick waiting like this."

As *Niña's* crew waited, Arthur Hughes' sloop *Lady Linden* came across to take first in Class C, and Van Alan Clark's yawl *Swamp Yankee* was confirmed as Class D winner—neither of these class winners was across the line soon enough to beat *Niña* on corrected time. *Paper Tiger*, the Florida rule-beater that had excited wild speculation prior to the race, came in that evening, a lowly sixth in its class (and was dropped to 30th for a rule infraction at the start). Just before midnight of the fifth day the clock wound down on the remainder of the pack, and *Niña* was confirmed the winner.

No rating gimmick had worked in *Niña's* favor. The schooner gave away time to all but eight boats in the fleet. The Gulf Stream, a powerful factor in past races, was negligible this year. *Niña* hit the Stream straight on, some 14 miles west of the rhumb line, and was carried eight miles to the east before leaving the Stream behind. No lucky windfall came her way while other boats were standing still. In fact, from 6 p.m. on the third day until 4 o'clock the following afternoon, *Niña* drifted through a near dead calm, leaving no wake at all and barely keeping stertagony. Ground swells lifted and dropped the boat, and sails slatted heavily in the listless air. Balloons

sent aloft to seek a path of wind hung limp from the rigging. A crewman on the foredeck struck a match and watched the steady flame consume it. A cigarette thrown over the side was still in sight 20 minutes later, floating on the quiet water.

Yet the calm that hung over the course like an assiduous ghost played a big part in *Niña's* victory. The fact that *Niña* never lost stertagony completely was the deciding factor in the race. "My middle name is sails," Commodore Fales said later. "I got out all my light handkerchiefs and hung them up. If I didn't like them, I took them down and put up others." In the calm, Fales constantly searched the water for a sign of wind—a feathery streak on one side, a dark patch on the other, a cloud in the distance that might hold a breath of air beneath it. By dint of such constancy, *Niña* slid slowly forward through air too light to move other boats. Then, 80 miles from Bermuda, the wind started to build. The grand monster goliwobbler went up the track on the foremast, and *Niña* began again on a booming reach that took her to St. David's Head.

A new deal

Niña's win was the first for a Class A boat since 1950, and for the Bermuda race itself and the handicap rule of the Cruising Club of America a victory of some significance. Since 1956, when Carleton Mitchell's *Fawnterrie* sailed to the first of three consecutive overall firsts, the big boats haven't had a chance. *Fawnterrie* and her imitators are very stable boats and therefore faster in heavy ocean races than their former time allowances gave them credit for. This year's Bermuda race was run under a change in the rating rule, which now measures a boat's righting moment—that is, the responsiveness of a boat in righting itself after heeling over. As *Niña's* victory tends to bear out, this rule change should give the large Class A boats a fairer shake in the future.

As for old *Niña's* particular future, Commodore Fales said, "Now that we know we can win, I expect we're good for 10 or 15 more tries." Then his eyes went out over the water of Hamilton harbor to *Niña* rocking at her mooring and he added airily, "If she can take it, I can."

END

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THE SOUR CREAM SIERRAS OF NEW YORK



Drawings by Roy McCall

If Rip Van Winkle, that old pizza lover, ever came back to the Catskills, he'd be stunned. The Mountains are still barely as high as the Highlands of Scotland, but they now shelter the largest concentration of summer vacationers in the U.S.—in hundreds of resorts whose facilities, food and flavor are unique

BY ROBERT H. BOYLE

Every year, mainly between the Fourth of July and Labor Day, 3 million visitors pile into the Catskill Mountains in southeastern New York state for fun, games and romance. Unlike vacation areas elsewhere that draw from the public at large, the Catskills attract ethnic groups. There are sections of the Catskills catering to Italians, Irish, Greeks, Poles and Jews. Of all these, it is the Jewish section, variously called the Boerscht Belt, the Sour Cream Sierras and the Mountains, that has the most élan, is the most famous—Danny Kaye, Sid Caesar, Phil Silvers, Sam Levenson, Shelley Winters, Jerry Lewis and Robert Merrill are among the many entertainers who got their start there—and the most important.

The Mountains attract vacationers from all over the world, and not just with singers, dancers and comedians. The accommodations are generally excellent, the food plentiful (and good, if you like Jewish cooking) and there is a wealth of sports facilities, supervised by current or former champions. At Grossinger's, the best known of the area's hotels, Mike Sosachuk is the golf pro, Florence Chadwick is the resident aquatic director and a continuous flow of prizefighters, ice skaters, skiers and basketball players comes to visit, train or perform. Rocky Marciano, Joey Maxim, Ingemar Johansson, Billy Conn and Gene Fullmer are among those who have trained at the G; so have Olympic Figure Skaters Tenley Albright, Carol Heiss and Hayes Alan Jenkins and David Jenkins; for almost 30 years, Olympic Speed Skating Champion Irving Jaffee has run the winter sports program.

At the Concord, the G's chief competitor, Buster Crabbe is "director of water activities," Jammy Demaret is resident golf pro. The Concord was the first resort to use an artificial snow machine for winter skiing. Last summer, in the middle of a heat wave, the hotel froze its outdoor skating rink, permitting guests to skate in their bathing suits. Needless to say, the Concord also has an indoor rink, as do many other hotels. And the number of golf courses, tennis and volleyball courts, swimming pools (indoor and out), archery ranges and softball diamonds—concentrated in a 20-mile-by-20-mile heartland in Sullivan and Ulster counties—is staggering. There is now even a bustling harness-racing track—Monticello Raceway—built specifically for the resort trade and billed, in typical Catskill style, as The Mighty M.

At the height of the summer season the Mountains are the most densely populated resort area in the U.S. There are some 500 hotels and 800 bungalow colonies and boarding houses, ranging in elegance and expense from Grossinger's to the so-called *kuchalems*. The word, in Yiddish, means "cook alone"; a typical *kuchalein* is an establishment with rooms for family groups and a large communal kitchen where each guest can cook his own meals.

But Grossinger's and the Concord indisputably are the Mountains' two pacesetters. Their innovations become part of general Catskill style and culture and often spread around the country. (Tony and Lucille, the Grossinger dance team, introduced the mambo to the U.S.) The two hotels are in a constant battle for supremacy, a rivalry often compared to the one between Macy's and Gimbels. Grossinger's, 15 miles northwest of the Concord, is big but with a *homer* (homey) atmosphere and puts the stress on the individual guest. The Concord is bigger but relatively impersonal and aggressive. The Concord management is always boasting that it has surpassed Grossinger's on any number of fronts and will soon overtake it on all the rest. As Comedian Buddy Hackett, a Concord favorite, told an audience there one night last summer, "Years ago, you couldn't mention the Grossinger at the Concord. Now what's another motel up the road?"

Grossinger's has been the subject of a book, *Waldorf in the Catskills*, and the inspiration for a film, *Holiday Inn*. During World War II a bomber was named after it. The fame of the hotel has spread abroad: the Palace Hotel in St. Moritz, which caters to Niarchos, Onassis and the like, is known as the Greek Grossinger's. When King Baudouin of Belgium toured the U.S., Grossinger's was one of the places he wanted to visit. He did, spending a weekend incognito, and, according to Paul Grossinger, the executive vice-president and general manager, "he loved it." Baron Edmond de Rothschild also has visited Grossinger's incognito.

Many tributes have been paid to Jennie Grossinger, the president of the hotel and the matriarch of the Mountains. A trim blonde who looks younger than her age—she is 70—Jennie was the inspiration for a song entitled, appropriately, *Jennie*, that was first sung by Eddie Cantor and Eddie Fisher. (Cantor "discovered" Fisher at Grossinger's.) She has been the subject of the television program, *This Is Your Life* (a copy of the tape is rerun for guests regularly), was named Noble Woman of the Year in 1962 by the Baltimore Hebrew Noble Ladies Aid Society, is a fellow of Brandeis University and holds an honorary degree from Wilberforce University. To most visitors she personifies Grossinger's.

Grossinger's sits on a hilltop overlooking the town of Liberty. The grounds sprawl over 1,000 acres, encompassing an 18-hole championship golf course; a lake; an airport, where Henry Cabot Lodge, in company with Governor Nelson Rockefeller, a frequent visitor, alighted for a speech at the beginning of his campaign for the vice-presidency; an outdoor Olympic-size swimming pool; a toboggan slide; a ski slope; a riding academy; a post office, the presence of which allows the hotel to stamp all mail "Grossinger's" instead of Liberty; a skating rink; a printing plant that

continued

churns out menus, announcements and 100,000 copies of the weekly *Grossinger News*, a euphoric sheet (INDOOR POOL. SMASH HIT!!) mailed to former guests; and a garden with signs saying

Please
DO NOT PICK US
WE BLOOM FOR YOUR PLEASURE
thank you THE FLOWERS

The main building, erected in the 1920s, is a vast warren of timbered stucco in the Elizabethan manner. It includes

rooms for 325 guests, five lobbies, a night-club, sundry shops and studios, a coffee shop ("Try our kosher pizza") and a dining room easily the size of two football fields. The lobbies and dining room are paneled in pine.

Despite the size of the hotel, the G's

publicity men have no difficulty reconciling hominess with magnitude. A press release reads: "Surveying more than 1,000 like-minded guests brandishing knife and fork with carefree abandon in the picturesquely-appointed Dining Room last weekend, Marlin Burden, restaurant and dining editor of the *New York Post*, enthused: 'An amazing spot! A thousand people in a huge room—and the place still has the intimacy of a cozy kitchenette!'"

As with all kosher hotels, Grossinger's has two kitchens and separate sets of dishes and silverware for meat and dairy meals. According to Jewish dietary law, the preparation and service of the two must never be mixed. This means that guests may not have cream in their coffee with meat meals. Pork, certain cuts of beef and lamb and all shellfish are never served. Establishments that designate their food as "kosher style" serve all dishes. At both kosher and kosher-style hotels the wide variety of food reflects the European background of guests and chefs.

The G also has its own *shochet*, a butcher licensed by a chief rabbi to slaughter poultry. The main building houses a small temple staffed by Rabbi Aaron Miller. The former rabbi, Harry Z. Stone, a distant relative of the Grossingers who died last fall, confessed that he occasionally had difficulty raising a minyan, the 10 men necessary for a religious service. "Even those who pray in New York come here to relax," he said.

Still, many practices of orthodox Jewish life are observed by the hotel, if not by the guests. On the Sabbath, which lasts from sundown Friday till sundown Saturday, the management removes all writing paper from the desks and posts no-smoking signs in the lobbies. Although Orthodox Jews are forbidden to work on the Sabbath, Grossinger's

carries on business as usual. A number of years ago Jennie Grossinger sought out a Talmudic scholar on New York's lower East Side who assured her that it was all right to work on the Sabbath as long as one's employer required it. As a result of this advice, the Grossinger family draws up a lease on the eve of every Sabbath and turns the hotel over to Hans Behrens, a Gentile employee, who then requires them to work for him. After sundown Saturday, control of the hotel reverts to the Grossingers. The Pioneer, one of the most strictly orthodox of all Catskill hotels, feels no such pressure to split its personality. On the Sabbath no guests are allowed to register or drive their cars on the grounds, and all work, from flipping on a light switch to washing dishes, is done by the exclusively Gentile help. Indeed, the Pioneer was almost cited by the State Commission against Discrimination for refusing to hire Jewish bellhops. The hotel explained that it could hire only Gentiles if it were to operate efficiently. The Pioneer, incidentally, once had the only rabbi-golf pro in the country.

Although Grossinger's is "modern orthodox," it welcomes Gentile guests. It is a matter of pride to Paul Grossinger that the kitchen averages 50 orders of fish on a Friday night. "This is a nice little laboratory for group relations," he says. "Counting conventions, 10% to 20% of our guests are Gentiles, and the number is increasing. A lot of Gentile people first come here with Gentile groups, then come back alone. What appeals to a middle-class Jew appeals to a middle-class Gentile."

In common with a number of other hotels in the Mountains, the G began as a farm. In 1914 Selig Grossinger, an Austrian immigrant living in New York, sought to recoup his health in the country by buying a 30-acre farm in Fendale, N.Y. He had failed in running a restaurant on the lower East Side—according to the Grossinger press agents he had insisted on making the portions too big—and at first he had no better luck on his farm. The soil was unproductive. In desperation, Selig, his wife Malka, known to generations of G guests as Mom, and their children, Jennie and Harry, started taking in boarders. In the summer of 1914 they attracted nine who paid \$9 each for a one-week stay. Their generous servings of food became an asset, and the next year they attracted so many guests that they had to put up tents in the backyard. By 1918 they



had done so well that they were able to sell their farm for \$10,000 and use the money as the down payment on an old hotel near by, the site of the present G.

With the slogan, "The Kingdom of Outdoor Happiness," the Grossingers engaged A. W. Tillinghast, the planner of Baltusrol, in the late 1920s to build the first 18-hole golf course for a Catskill resort. Soon after this, Eddie Cantor happened to wander in unshaven while out for a walk. Mom Grossinger mistook him for a tramp and insisted he have a free meal. Amused and delighted, Cantor spread word about the hotel. In 1928 Jenne and her husband, Harry (she married a cousin named Harry Grossinger; her brother, Harry, was always called Harry Jr. to avoid confusion), felt prosperous enough to hire Milton Blackstone, a Lehigh student summing at the hotel, as a tutor for their son, Paul. When fall came, Blackstone stayed on to handle accounts, and a few years later he went to New York to handle Grossinger's advertising. In New York, Blackstone, who is perhaps best known today as the manager of Eddie Fisher, proved to be the publicity genius who put Grossinger's on the national scene. The big break came in 1934 when Abe Lyman, the bandleader, told Blackstone that Barney Ross, the lightweight champion, was looking for a place to train for his match with Jimmy McLarnin, the welterweight champ. Blackstone immediately invited Ross to train free of charge at Grossinger's. Mom Grossinger was upset at the idea of a fighter on the premises, but she came around when she learned Ross was an Orthodox Jew. Ross's presence made Grossinger's a mecca for sportswriters and entertainers who came up with Lyman to serenade the champion. Damon Runyon was charmed. Grossinger's, he wrote, was "Lindy's with trees." The Grossingers were so elated by their good fortune that they changed the slogan to "Grossinger's Has Everything."

Ever since Ross, the G has gone in heavily for sporting celebrities. Eight other world champions have trained there, and the lesson of Grossinger's success with sports has not been lost on other hotels. Kutsher's, in Monticello, has so copied the G's penchant for athletes that it is known as "the Little G." Wilt Chamberlain, Bob Cousy, Bill Russell and other top pros often play on Kutsher basketball courts in games organized by Red Auerbach of the Celtics, and the annual Spaulding coaches' clinic is held there. Sonny Liston is punching a bag right now at the Pines in South Fallsburgh.

Grossinger's can accommodate 1,200 guests. Serving them are 900 employees, all treated with extremely benevolent paternalism. To house the help in comfort, Grossinger's has gone to the point of buying a nearby hotel. Dismissal is unheard of. When Harry Grossinger once told an employee he was fired, the man retorted, "You can't fire me—I live here."

Perhaps the best known of the male staff members, or "G-men," is a tall, sad-faced man named Lou Goldstein, who rejoices in the title of Director of Daytime Social and Athletic Activities. In the old days he would have been

known as a *summerer*, or "tumult creator." The *summerer* (pronounced *toomer*) was the chap who put on funny hats to keep the guests from going home on rainy days. Goldstein's stock-in-trade is an enormous fund of games and patter—he can go a week without repeating himself—a dialect lilt to his voice that can sweep his audience into hysterics and, as Morris Freedman has noted in *Commentary*, a "bawdiness kept carefully this side of some invisible line." Goldstein is also expert at a particular kind of gag, often just an aside in the middle of a story, that will bring laughter from a Jewish audience. The listeners will be laughing at themselves. A Gentile might well consider the remark anti-Semitic.

One afternoon recently he was conducting Simon says, his most popular game, with 30 or 40 guests on the terrace outside the main building. "Don't enter to get ulcers," he warned. "Believe me. I saw the prize." In between ordering the contestants to do what Simon said, he made small talk. "Bwee, how they eat in the dining room!" he exclaimed, eyeing a heavyset man in shorts. A man named Max spoke up, and Goldstein congratulated him for hav-

ing such a good Jewish name. "Such names they have today," he lamented, putting a hand to his cheek and rolling his eyeballs heavenward. "Desiree? That's a name for a Jewish girl? Today you holler Sol and a horse comes over. Drexel? You should hear what his grandfather calls him for short."

When a heckler interrupted, Goldstein shrugged. "I got so many partners today it's wunnerful," he said. "Simon says clap your hands once. Simon says hands up. That's up? Where you from?"

"Boston," said the heckler.

"I love Boston," Goldstein said. "That town is so clean even the birds fly upside down. At Grossinger's we get people from all over. We had a lady in her 60s, a *Avuba* [grandmother] from New York, and I asked her, 'What do you think of sex?' And she says, 'It's a fine department store.'" He then ordered the heckler from Boston out of the game. "O.K.," Goldstein said, "all the people who've been cheating in the back row now move up to the front row."

Toward the end of the game, a contestant happened to mention the rival Concord. Goldstein banished him. "You say a dirty word, God punishes," he admonished, wagging a finger. The guests roared. At Grossinger's the Concord is never referred to by name but always as *dorten*, Yiddish for "over there."



continued

When the game was over, Goldstein reminded everyone that there would be a lecture on suburbia later by the pool. After most of the crowd moved off, Goldstein talked about himself. A Brooklyn boy, he came to Grossinger's in 1945 with the Williamsburg YMHA basketball team. After he and his teammates beat the Grossinger team, they were hired to play for the hotel, and he has been there ever since. He has been the daytime director since 1953, and returning guests who forget his name address him by calling, "Yoo hoo, Simple." Besides Simon says, Goldstein stages games like "Who's the boss in the home?" "Roulette or change of identity or state of confusion," and a parody art quiz. "One picture shows a woman seated," he said, explaining the art quiz. "Across her knee is a man on his stomach. She is sewing a patch on the seat of his pants. The caption says a famous movie actress. Answer: Sonja Henie. Get it? In this, it's all for laughs.

"On my staff I have a public-speaking instructor, an art director and a photography expert. We also arrange special events during the season. Don Budge brings up fellas like Bobby Riggs for a tennis exhibition. Abe Sharkey coordinates the golfing activities. When you go to golf, he'll say, 'How do you do? Do you have anyone to play with?' People will come back because of the friendly atmosphere. You don't have to walk up there as a champion.

"Baseball lately has not been going over well because of the locality of the field. It used to be where the indoor pool is now. Then they moved it beyond the day camp area. The important thing about socializing is that you have to be seen. All athletes, especially single fellas, like to be watched. The setting for localities should be where there is traffic, a thoroughfare. Notice how the lecture is situated on the way to the pool. As people walk toward the pool, they'll see a crowd and they move over there, and once they are there it's the job of the M.C. to keep them there."

Part of Goldstein's job is to foster romance. "I use an indirect approach," he said. "I organize a coed volleyball game, not spotlighting that there is any social purpose in this. From then on, they're on their own. Through sports, many people can meet and enjoy not only the athletic activities but socializing and, as they say in the Mountains, 'without any obvious matrimonial intentions,' and if something happens, so much the better."

He smiled. "I was running Simon says," he went on, "and a very nice fellow was standing next to an attractive girl, and he wasn't even listening to the game. So I worked it out where they were among the last six in the game and I said, 'Simon says face each other.' Then I said, 'Simon says walk toward each other.' And there they were standing face to face. And then I said, 'Give her a hug.' Which he did! He was so excited. And I shouted, 'You're out. Simon didn't say to hug her.' He shouted back, 'The hell with you and the game—I'm happy!' One month later they came back and she was wearing an engagement ring, and they are now happily married."

Another Grossinger employee concerned with romance

is Mrs. Sylvia Jacobs. She and Mrs. Doris White are the two permanent matchmakers at the G. "All the girls," said Mrs. Jacobs, "come up here and say, 'We've heard so much about Grossinger's. Where are the gentlemen with the thought of meeting someone?' That's the thought. They won't admit it, all of them, but there is a better opportunity here because we do attract a large number of single men. There's a gentleman here right now who is 88 years old, and he is interested in a lady in her 40s. He looks like Bernard Baruch!

"So the girls want to meet the gentlemen. Mr. Dave



Geiver, who has been the headwaiter and who is a psychologist and a diplomat, plans the seating, and we try to seat single men with single women. I have encouraged the guests to go down to have a cocktail before dinner because I feel it relaxes them. When I do introduce a fellow to a girl, I first get to know him and his background. Then I speak to the girl about the fellow, and before they meet they have an idea about each other. That's my method and it has worked. I just attended a wedding that I was responsible for introducing. The girl was rather plain. Well educated, but plain. I went over to this young man, who was shy, and for three days I tried to get them together. But he was too shy. So one night I took him by the hand outside the dining room, and I wouldn't let him go. Finally I took him over to her and suggested that they meet after dinner since they weren't sitting at the same table. At the wedding they both thanked me so much. They said if it were not for me they would not have met. So happy! So happy! There were tears in the eyes of the bridegroom when he kissed me."

Mrs. White, Mrs. Jacobs said, has charge of the honeymooners. "That's a very important part of the hotel," she said. "We give honeymooners a photo album of their visit, a complimentary golf lesson and complimentary dance lesson and free massages. The bride has a gift certificate for a hair-set at our salon. They get a free bottle of champagne, a wedding cake and a copy of Jennie Grossinger's cookbook, autographed. And she meets each couple personally, busy as she is, blesses them, and they leave here with one of the most memorable experiences after having met Mrs. Grossinger. I think that gift tops them all. Also when they get here, they get a plant from the grounds, and a basket of fruit is sent to their room."

What gives Grossinger's much of its flavor is the hotel's constant celebration of the individual. Not only does Grossinger's have everything but everyone at Grossinger's is

somebody. "This is part of our concept," Blackstone explained one afternoon on the golf course. "Communism is a mass thing. Democracy is the individual. We write color about people." Accordingly, *The Grossinger Tattler*, the daily paper distributed in the dining room, strews names of guests about with gay abandon: "The lighthearted NORMAN BERGERS add zip, zest and vitality to any holidaying throng . . . Glamour Doll LINDA STERN circled by male admirers whenever we see her . . . Long-tressed eye-fil HARRIET FILDERMAN can have her pick here now . . . SUZIE KLEIN makes a visit to Table 23F a superlative adventure . . . A man of quiet charm and superb graciousness—that's MILTON KERNER," Grossinger's weekly ad in the Sunday *New York Times* follows the same policy.

Celebrities who have visited the G are honored by having their pictures placed on the "Wall of Fame" outside the Canteen, the coffee shop. Among those on the Wall of Fame are Mrs. Roosevelt, Cardinal Spellman, Herman Wouk, Governors Dewey, Harriman and Rockefeller, Jayne Mansfield, Max Lerner, Sam Snead, Lena Horne, Whitley Ford, Herbert Lehman, Jackie Cooper, Siobhan McKenna, Senator Javits, Anita Loos, Lucille Ball, Elia Kazan, General Sarnoff, Yogi Berra, Paul Newman, Joe Louis, Earl Wilson, Gene Sarazen, Alben Barkley, Bill Tilden, David Susskind, Elston Howard, Irving Berlin, Ed Sullivan, Freddie March, Ralph Bunche, Laurence Harvey, Jack Benny, Nat Holman, Joshua Logan, Abe Burrows, Basil Rathbone, Leonard Bernstein, Jack Dempsey, Roberta Peters, William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, Jan Peerce and Doris Day.

Celebrities who rate extra attention have tournaments named after them. There are the Eddie Cantor and Milton Berle tennis tournaments, the Sylvia Lyons Golf Tournament for Women (she is the wife of Columnist Leonard Lyons—they honeymooned at Grossinger's) and the Dr. Leo Michel Golf Tournament for Men. The late Dr. Michel was known variously as physician to the stars, Dr. Broadway and medico to the entertainment world. In the nightclub is the Eddie Fisher Jukebox, which was dedicated, the sign says, on July 6, 1952. (Besides being discovered at Grossinger's, Fisher married Debbie Reynolds there. He later brought Liz Taylor up for a weekend.) On the grounds, Cantor and Berle are doubly honored by having lodges named after them. There are also cottages named after Barney Ross, Abe Lyman, Mom Grossinger and, fittingly enough, Milton Blackstone himself. The Holiday Inn is named after the film.

At the peak of Grossinger's cult of personalities stands Jennie Grossinger herself. The hotel's brochures constantly sing her praises. "The famous smile of the beloved Jennie" is "a local landmark." When the occasion is deemed suitable, Jennie leaves her quarters in Joy Cottage and appears before the guests. They treat her like a white goddess. Not long ago she attended the big Saturday night show in the Playhouse. The show included Ventriloquist Ricky Layne and his dummy, Velvel, and starred Cab Calloway, who exited shouting, "See you all in shuf [syn-

gogue] next week!" The audience was about to depart when the master of ceremonies announced there was a special treat coming.

Jennie stepped forth to tumultuous applause. She reminisced briefly about the Grossinger's of the past ("I used to hope someday we would have a horse and carriage") and was obviously deeply touched by the reception. As she headed for the wings, the M.C. seized her arm and shouted, "I just want to add one little note, and I'm sure every person here agrees. In a hundred years may we all be here, and you, Jennie, at this same microphone with us!"

"Wonderful!" said Jennie.

The Concord is probably the most luxurious of Mountain resorts. A newcomer to the Mountains, it is the baby of Arthur Winarick, a bald ex-barber who made a fortune with Jeris Hair Tonic. Now 74, he gets his pep inhaling oxygen two hours a day. He got into the hotel business inadvertently in 1935 when the owner of the Concord, or New Concord as it was then called, defaulted on the mortgage that Winarick held. Aside from installing his son-in-law as manager, Winarick did little until after World War II, when the old hotel burned down. "Mr. Winarick got panicky when he saw the firemen," says Lee Berman, the Concord's tumbler. "He yelled, 'No water—fans!'"

Winarick commissioned an architectural firm that had done a number of hotels in Miami Beach to design a new Concord. The architects responded with a huge nine-story building, featuring a mammoth lobby, done in white marble with a sweeping staircase and dazzling chandeliers, that might best be described as Jet Airlines Terminal Contemporary.

When some of the guests complained that the lobby was "too cold," Winarick hastened to install wood paneling, just like they have at Grossinger's, over the white marble walls.

Winarick has not stinted in any way. There is a special room just to pickle the herring. Every new guest room has two bathrooms. The tropical indoor swimming pool, the first in the Mountains, cost \$2 million. (The one at Grossinger's cost only \$1.5 million.) Grossinger's has one championship golf course; the Concord has one 18-hole course, one nine-hole course and is building another 18-hole. Legend has it that before Winarick built the first one he asked a golf architect how many holes Grossinger's had. "Eighteen," said the architect. "Then," said Winarick, "build me a 50-hole course."

The Concord has five bands, including a 75-piece symphony orchestra led by Sholom Secunda, the composer of

continued





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By Mr. Best Du Schon. The hotel follows a name policy in live entertainment. Marlene Dietrich and Judy Garland got \$10,000 each for their one-night stands. To keep out gate-crashers from other hotels, the Concord deploys a 30-man security force over the premises on show night. They look for muddy shoes and disheveled jackets, the result of their owners clambering over the high wire fence surrounding the 600-acre establishment. The Concord's annual gross is secret, but it is estimated at around \$10 million, \$3 million more than Grossinger's. A comedian once called Winarick "the Jewish Robin Hood—he takes from the rich and keeps it."

On a recent afternoon a sizable crowd was clustered around the desk waiting to check in. "You're not going to get anywhere unless you shout," a clerk advised one late arrival. A bellhop trundled a clothing rack through the throng. "Let's move, girls," he called out to a couple of elderly women. Off the lobby a car was on display. Signs announced that Mr. Arthur Winarick had given it to a charity raffle. Along the shopping arcade known as Little Fifth Avenue signs exhorted guests to get in the swing of things. One said

MAKE AN OIL PAINTING IN AN HOUR!
EVERYBODY A REMBRANDT

Another proclaimed

IN THE BEST CIRCLES
THEY ARE SQUARE DANCING!

The guests wore clothes of a flashier cut than those at Grossinger's. There was a lot of mink. Ladies without their own could rent a mink from Irving Shavelson, a frequent Concord visitor who runs *Abit Rent-A-Fur* in New York. Once Shavelson and his wife appeared in the lobby with a clothing rack containing five different fur pieces. The guests gasped, unaware that only one was for Mrs. Shavelson, the others for relatives already there.

Shortly before 6, long lines began to form outside the dining room. Inside, the *maitre d'hôtel*, Irving Cohen, checked seat assignments by inserting a colored peg into a large board showing all the tables. White pegs stood for married guests,

blue for single men and pink for single women. If this all worked perfectly, there would be a blue peg for a pink peg at every table. With a mere glance, Cohen could check up on romance. "This is the largest dining room in the county," Cohen said. He might have said *country*. A Concord joke has it that a waiter refused to serve a guest because "your table isn't in my state."

"Say hello with the first names," said the waiters as they introduced tablemates. At one table there were two young girls who had come up together for a weekend. After dessert they went downstairs to the Night Owl Lounge that "laments all night long." Above the throb of bongo drums, the girls talked about why they had come to the Concord.



"Grossinger's is like an older crowd," the blonde said. "I just wanted to have a ball, that's all. What do I want out of this? I don't know yet. Anything can happen up here."

"The guys bide their time more or less," the brunette said, "but they have to put all their time into one weekend. I'm very hard about this. I don't be-

lieve the lines they put out."

They continued on to the Imperial Room to see Buddy Hackett. ("You'll gasp at the magnificence," says a Concord brochure.) The Imperial Room is the largest nightclub in the world, seating 2,300. In the same building is the Cordillon Room, seating 1,800. It used to be the biggest until Winarick built the Imperial Room. When Hackett walked onstage, the guests applauded by rapping swizzle sticks against their drinks.

Hackett was upset by the children present. "I don't believe you should have young children here," he said. "Not at 11 at night. I hold you responsible for whatever they learn tonight, and I'm going to see that they learn a lot!" He kept his promise.

continued



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In the morning 200 guests assembled on the second-floor patio for a tour that Lee Berman was to give of "the Seven Wonders of the Concord." Berman (so Nat Fleischer, the house psychologist and hypnotist at Grossinger's, had said) typifies the brashness of the Concord. "He throws people into swimming pools," Fleischer says, with a look of horror. "He's trying to be an oldtime *tumbler*. He apprenticed with us under Lou Goldstein, and he took everything that Lou has! And Lou feels like cutting his throat! He even got a wife here!"

Told of these charges, Berman said, "Instead of pushing people into the pool, I get everyone to jump in. Grossinger's may have tradition behind them, but we've got money behind us."

Berman warmed up the group. "This is the largest hotel in the world on the American plan," he said. "Jeris is not

guaranteed to grow hair. It builds hotels. You know the Gypsy Trio? They weren't satisfied with their quarters, so Mr. Winarick built them an empty store. The indoor swimming pool is open all hours except between 6 and 7. That's when we wash the dishes."

As Berman led the way downstairs, he revealed that the Concord used up 10 tons of meat and 7,000 eggs each day. The breakage of dishes alone ran to three freight-car loads a year. "The amazing thing is it's all busted by one busboy—but he's a relative." Then he headed for the outdoor pool ("seven hundred and fifty thousand gallons of water, 2,000 chaise



lounges"). In the coffee shop Ray Parker, Winarick's son-in-law, talked of his pride in the Concord's snow machine for skiing. The hotel, he said, also had been the first to color the snow red, blue, yellow and green. "Very pretty," he said, "but it also stained the clothes." What the Concord will do next is anyone's guess. Expansion is always in the air. Winarick has been reported chopping down

trees near the George Washington Bridge, of all places. The strongest rumor, started by Milton Berle, has it that Winarick plans to build an indoor mountain. Lou Goldstein says Grossinger's isn't worried.

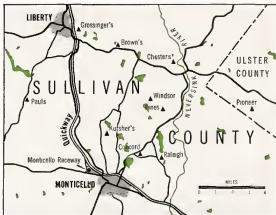
AND

CATSKILLS TRAVEL FACTS

GETTING THERE: Monticello is 90 miles from New York City by the N.Y. State Thruway and Route 17—the Quickway. Most Catskill hotels will arrange for limousine service from local and New York airports and from Penn Station and Grand Central.

STAYING THERE: Sullivan County alone has about 300 hotels; most of them are packed into the small area shown on the map. The distance between Pauls and the Pioneer is only 20 miles. The Concord is the largest (1,000 rooms), with rates from \$105 to \$189 per week. Grossinger's has 600 rooms; rates are from \$108 to \$178. Brown's has 365 rooms, with rates from \$80 to \$150. The Pioneer, Kutsher's and the Pines all have 300 rooms. Their rates range from \$77 to \$147. The Raleigh and the Windsor have 250 rooms each. The Raleigh (\$87-\$150) has five bands and a new nightclub. The Windsor, run by the same family for three generations, appeals to family groups. Pauls, on the other hand, with 170 rooms (\$80-\$137), takes adults only, as does Chesters', 80 rooms (\$85-\$135), a hotel known for its intellectual atmosphere and following. All hotels mentioned follow kosher dietary laws except the last two. Those that welcome children have special programs and day camps for them. Rates are calculated per person, based on double occupancy, American plan.

PLAYING: All hotels have tennis, softball,



shuffleboard and riding. The area is carpeted with golf courses. In addition to those at Grossinger's and the Concord, the Pioneer and the Pines each has 9 holes and Kutsher's has 18. Community courses are everywhere. Artificial ice rinks and indoor and outdoor pools abound. The Neversink, the Beaverkill,

the Willowemoc and the Mongaup are legendary trout streams of the area, and the lakes are stocked with bass, pickerel, perch and pike. There is deer hunting from Nov. 19 to Dec. 5. For fish and game regulations, contact the New York State Conservation Department, State Campus, Albany 1, N.Y.

If you're off to Europe,
you can tangle over tickets
and puzzle over passports
and worry over wardrobes
and wrangle over reservations
and haggle over hotels
and stew over sightseeing
and fret over fees
and muddle over maps
and curse over currency
and cringe over customs
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of viewpoint among the delegates (George Mason: "I would rather chop off my right hand" than sign!) — and Benjamin Franklin's masterful compromises. See John Adams' original copy of the Declaration of Independence (its first New York showing), portraits of the Founding Fathers and scenes of Revolutionary battles.

See "Birth of the Republic" in the Time & Life Building, Avenue of the Americas at 50th Street (opposite Radio City Music Hall), New York. Exhibit hours Monday through Friday 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; weekends 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. No admission charge.

LIFE

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Yogi Berra of New York (see page 10) offered his sympathies to the Orioles and said of the injured Gus Trandao, "It's too bad. He's a big clog in your machine." The Yankees had clogs of their own. They averaged just 3.6 runs a game and lost five of seven. The Yankees would not have done even that well had it not been for Bobby Richardson's .379 hitting and a grand slam by Berra. It was a full and hectic week for Yogi, who also knocked down a section of the fence in Cleveland trying to make a catch. Detroit did a much more satisfying job of fence busting, getting 12 homers. Rocky Colavito hit .406, and Norm Cash drove in nine runs. Even Hank Aguirre, who won two games, was hitting. Aguirre, who had a .065 lifetime BA, tried switch-hitting. Busting left-handed, Aguirre got a single, his first hit since August 1960. "I'm two for three," he said later. "That is, two for three years." Pumpsie Gaddy batted .294, and the two home runs prompted admirers to put up a bull's-eye in the upper left-field stands. Boog Powell of Baltimore had a target all his own: a hedge on the far side of the center-field fence. His 469-foot homer over that greenery was the longest ever hit in Memorial Stadium. Jack Fisher, whose ERA had swelled to 6.76, was sent to the bullpen and also ordered to diet away 10 pounds. Washington, meanwhile, was starting for wins. The Senators, winners in just two of eight, got good hitting from Charlie Hinton (.168 BA and three HR). Unfortunately for the Senators, 24 of their last 32 homers were with the bases empty. Jimmy Piersall went homeless, but he did bat .500. A judge ruled that a fan in Detroit who had been caught throwing a beer cup at Piersall (the mess) would have to pay a \$100 fine. Boston's Mike Fommelo, on the other hand, had a hard time missing people he tied a major league record by hitting four batters in three innings. Ike Delock, who had won just once in 10 weeks, got two victories. Jim Kaat of Minnesota, who also had trouble winning early in the year, had everything working for him. He won twice, once with a three-hit shutout, but the first homer of his career and even had an official score take an error away from him and give it to Vic Power. Camilo Pascual also won twice, as the Twins moved up on the first-place Indians. "This club has heart," said Manager Sam Mele. Cleveland had Shoulers. That is the nickname for Barry Lat-

man, who pitched a five-hit shutout. With Leon Wagner hitting four homers, Los Angeles had moved into second place. Then the Angels lost three and fell to fourth. During a near fight against the Athletics, Art Fowler rushed on the field. Only then did he realize that a cigarette was dangling from his lips, in flagrant violation of league protocol. Kansas City groundkeepers also came up with something new: they did the twist while they dragged the infield. The Athletics just dragged, losing six in a row. Owner Charles O. Finley invited the players' wives to Chicago for a four-game series, then threw a big party at his 14 Portie, Ind. home. Another owner, Chicago's Arthur Allyn, accused his players of loafing. "If he accused them of not hustling, then he's wrong," said Manager Al Lopez. Thus chastened and defended, the White Sox won four in a row and reached the 500 level. Luis Aparicio, who had taken criticism because of his poor fielding and .207 BA, but a rejuvenated .469, had five-for-five in one game.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Houston had lots of fun. Prizes, including a \$100 bill encased in a 175-pound block of ice, were awarded to fans one day. Someone went to Bob Bruce's locker and filled his slacks with rocks. Hal Woodchuck opened his locker and found a garbage can. On the field the Colt .45s were erratic, winning 16-3 one day, losing 13-2 the next. There was no joy in Chicago where the head coach *de jour*, Charlie Metro, had trouble convincing the legion of other coaches that he knew



STANDOUTS were White Sox Eddie Fisher, who gave two hits in 7th inning of long relief, and Mike Jackson, who pitched one-hitter.

how to run a team. Metro banned shaving in the clubhouse after games, but the other coaches vetoed the restriction. Speaking of an injury to Dave Giard, Cub Trainer Al Scheueneman said, "He just jerked his neck again." The Cubs could have used more jerks like that. Gorard won twice. "I hope to inject some of my personality into the players," Metro said, as he tried to get the team out of much New York players did get injections—polio shots. Richie Ashburn responded as if he had been given adrenaline. In 14 years he had never hit more than four homers in any season and none since 1959. Last week he got four, three of them in two days, and he also batted .458. Despite Curt Flood's .406 BA, St. Louis lost four of seven. Julian Javier's 13th stolen base was the club's 46th, thus matching the Cardinals' total for 1961. On that steal Los Angeles Catcher Doug Camilli's throw hit Pitcher Don Drysdale on the left shoulder. The undisturbed Drysdale won his 11th and 12th games and the Dodgers had the most successful NL record for the week: four wins in six games. Larry Burright was hitting .500 against the Cardinals, 181 against the rest of the league. Milwaukee's Hank Aaron batted .448 and had a dozen RBIs as Milwaukee won four of seven. Vada Pinson of Cincinnati also had a big week. He punched a newspaperman who had written that Pinson had been lachardant in his play and dazzled the Pirates with his footwork by scoring first on a single. Billy O'Dell of San Francisco had an unsuccessful week, so he diverted attention by pointing to his cooking ability. "They ain't nobody cooks better grins than me," he said. Philadelphia's Jack Baldschon also batted a bit. "This club needs a good relief pitcher and I'm it." He proved his point by pitching 5th innings of shutout relief and earning his third win. For eight days Manager Gene Mauch and Jim Owens got to the park early and worked on strengthening the pitcher's arm. It paid off, for Owens beat the Cardinals 11-3. Don Demeter drove in five runs in that game and hit .476 for the week. Harvey Haddix started the week by going nine innings and winning for Pittsburgh. Elderly Domestico Olivo, 42, closed the week by going one-third of an inning to beat the Cubs.

THE SEASON (through June 23)

	BEST	WORST
Batting (ALL)	Jimmie KO 338	Vesnales Mon 202
Batting (NL)	Waltos SS 345	T. Aaron 191 205
Home run	Wagner LA 23	Francis LA 9
Runners (ALL)	(T) Jim AB 20	DOD AB 9
Home run	Moore SF 21	Groat Pitt 0
Runners (NL)	(T) Jim AB 20	(T) AB 9
Pitching (ALL)	Donovan Gey 11 2	Danals Wash 1 9
Pitching (NL)	Puckey Cal 12 1	Shawyer Cal 13-19
ERA (ALL)	Stenhouse Wash 2.61	Elio LA 3.11
ERA (NL)	Shaw 14 2.94	Soboleski SS 5.82
Complete	Pascual Mon 9	Gabe LA 0
Game (ALL)	(T) starts	(T) starts
Complete	Marshall SF 16	McPee NY 0
Games (NL)	(T) starts	(T) starts
Team Wins (ALL)	Detroit 59	Chicago 43
Team Wins (NL)	San Francisco 55	Pittsburgh 41
Team Wins (ALL)	Memphis 347	Washington 245
Team Wins (NL)	San Francisco 419	New York 270
Team Wins (ALL)	Washington 49	New York 30
Team Wins (NL)	Los Angeles 75	Milwaukee 29
		New York 20

END

55

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

OPEN AND SHUT

Sirs:
I nominate Jack Nicklaus for Sportsman of the Decade. In the face of a tested winner with a reputation for stretch-run victory, in front of a completely lopsided gallery, watched by sportswriters and TV broadcasters notorious for their partiality, he remained calm, took his time (especially with his putting) and beat the scowling hero. He then said that he was *sorry* to have had to ruin Palmer's chances for the Grand Slam. Palmer's comment on TV referred to the things that caused him to lose; he did not even admit that Nicklaus beat him.

R. H. WAKEFIELD, M.D.

Provo, Utah

Sirs:

Where does SPORTS ILLUSTRATED get the idea it can compare Jack Nicklaus with Arnold Palmer just because he finally won a tournament? Palmer has won so many I lost count.

PAUL REISDORF

Pittsburgh

THE OARSMEN

Sirs,

Your vivid account of Cornell's great victory in the IRA Regatta at Syracuse was tops (*Row* for the *Row*, June 25). This old grad well remembers Cornell's clean sweep of the Hudson just 50 years ago.

BRADFORD HURD

El Paso

Sirs:

Your articles on college crew (June 18 and 25) have done a great deal to further a very valuable sport.

Rowing builds what is important in sports—teamwork and physical conditioning. But why not also encourage club rowing?

ROSE ROSE

Ventura, Calif.

Sirs:

Last year's pre-IRA Regatta rowing story by Oliver LaFarge (June 19, 1961) was a monument in itself, but this year's pictures by John Zimmerman crown it with living magic.

Yet one must not be left with the idea that it is only the colleges that row. In the upcoming Independence Day Regatta in Philadelphia the participants, on the whole, will be members of nearly 40 noncollegiate rowing clubs. These club oarsmen will use their own earnings to row against Ivanov and the Russians at Philly, the Canadians at the great Royal Canadian Henley, their fellow Americans at the NAAO Regatta in Buffalo.

THOMAS G. KUDZMA

New England Amateur Rowing Association

Nashua, N. H.

Sirs:

Praises for your excellent coverage of college crew. Rowing, like most nonspectator sports, is an endeavor exacting dedication that is seldom recognized. Bill Flint, University of Washington jayvee stroke out, capably demonstrated this when he and crewmate (Olympian) Ted Nash won the National Championship Double Sculls title in Philadelphia last summer. Flint and Nash, both of whom row for the Lake Washington Rowing Club, now face the task of opposing the Russian double sculls of Tukalov and

Berkutov on July 4 at the Independence Day Regatta in Philadelphia. And, who knows, maybe they'll beat them.

WILLIAM HARRAH, III

Detroit

Sirs:

You people are so worked up about the Russian eight coming to Philadelphia that you seem to have forgotten all about the scullers—one of whom, the apparently tireless Vyacheslav Ivanov, is probably the single greatest oarsman in the world today.

Cornell and Washington won't be able to do anything about Ivanov, but we do have one American determined to give him a run for his rubles on the Schuylkill. Ex-Princeton oar Seymour Cromwell finished third to Ivanov's first in the European championships at Prague last summer, and if endless hours of practice on Boston's Charles River are any indication he is determined to avenge the defeat at Philadelphia this July 4.

"Ivanov," Cromwell told a friend recently, "is like a machine. The race at Prague was the most exhausting thing I ever went through."

LARRY KING

Cambridge, Mass.

ORDER FROM CHAOS

Sirs:

Robert Boyle's resume of the blundering antics of the late Feature Sports (*Chaos*, *Inc.*, June 18) was hilarious, albeit accurate—and the artist's portrayal of the dramatics personae devastatingly clever.

The chaos described points out more vividly than ever the need for either federal



DOUBLE SCULLERS FLINT AND NASH (LEFT) AND SINGLE SCULLER SEYMOUR CROMWELL GET SET TO MEET THE RUSSIANS

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18TH HOLE continued

control of pro boxing or a moratorium for "The Game."

WILLIAM HANDLER

New York City

Sirs:

Congratulations for showing up the fight situation of today. It seems incredible that men who should know better are allowed to continue to make a farce out of professional boxing.

Chicago is a sucker city to put on the Liston-Patterson bout under the direction of "Cham, Inc."

JACK MCCOCHAN

New York City

BINGHAM BUST AND BOOM

Sirs:

It looks as if Walter Bingham is going to be right after all about the slumping Giants (*The Gaur's Boom and Bust*, June 4). While neighboring rival Los Angeles swept three of four games from the Colt .45s, the Giants were being outslugged by the Cardinals in four games at St. Louis.

TOM MCCARTY

Independence, Kans.

Sirs:

As a longtime subscriber and ardent baseball fan, I feel called upon to answer all the sarcastic and crude remarks about Walter Bingham's articles (19th Hole, June 18).

As this letter is being written, the Giants are in second place behind a rampaging Dodger ball club. However, even if the Giants should win the pennant (which I doubt), I do not think Mr. Bingham merits the reputation of "having the effect of a fly on a dinosaur."

PETER KIRKSTEIN

St. Louis

Sirs:

The Dodgers do have speed, just as Bingham says, and this may beat the Giants but, man for man, the Giants can equal them, because the Giants have better hitting. Mays, Felipe and Matty Alou, Jose Pagan, Manuel Mota and Ernie Bowman all have exceptional speed. Davenport and Hiller are no slouches either. Harvey Kuenn is not slow. Cepeda is deceptively fast for a big man.

The Giants probably have the best defensive outfield in the league, and when you add in their hitting they are the best. Sure I'm prejudiced, but I see all the National League clubs, and I know what the other ballplayers can do.

Let's not knock the Giants out yet; when September comes then some definite statements can be made. It really doesn't make any difference to a lot of people, because ever since the Giants moved west they have played exciting ball. They don't lie down and play dead.

It has been said that many New Yorkers have never forgiven the Giants for leaving, but why isn't there as much bitterness toward the Dodgers? The people of San Francisco are getting tired of having their ball club, their ball park and everything else about their city picked on!

D GUARALDI

San Francisco

WAITING FOR LEFTY

Sirs:

Poor Kent Anderson (19th Hole, June 18)—my heart bleeds for him. His Giants have been on the West Coast three whole years already, and they haven't won a pennant yet. What does Anderson think about the waiting some other fans have endured, like those in Boston (16 years), Pittsburgh (33 years), Chicago (17 years, the Cubs, that is)? Some of them are still waiting.

AL PAVLANTIS

Leominster, Mass.

BOY TO BEAT

Sirs:

With a twinge I noticed that you have yet to give any recognition to the greatest high school sprinter ever, Forrest Beatty of Glendale's Herbert Hoover High here in southern California. The greatest? You bet! Last year, as a junior not yet 17 years of age, he ran a 20.2 for a new national high school record in the 220. This is only .2 of a second off the world record and the fastest time for that event run anywhere last year. He had run the 100 in 9.5 a month before that.

DEN LOCKHART

Los Angeles

COOK'S OAY OUT

Sirs:

I thoroughly enjoyed John O'Reilly's article on camping (*The Crowded Land or Howards*, June 18). However, I have a few words to add for women campers concerning KP duty. Being outdoors seems to inspire husbands in the culinary field.

My husband and I have spent our vacations camping with another couple for several years. After a complete day of water skiing, swimming and boating we women head back to camp looking forward to a relaxing evening because the men manage supper. I am anchored to believe most husbands act like this in the wilderness rather than "sit in the evening shadows watching your wife broil a steak," as Mr. O'Reilly says.

RUTHKAM OLIVER

Scarsdale, N.Y.

THE END

Sirs:

Your article *Three for the Money* (June 18) had the finest portrayal of horses' rear ends I've seen in some time.

ARTHUR W. SILVA

Santa Maria, Calif.

YESTERDAY

Perfect Relief for the Babe

by MAL MALLETTE

Ernie Shore, a tall, lanky pitcher from North Carolina, made himself comfortable in the corner of the Red Sox dugout at Fenway Park in Boston. It promised to be a long, lazy afternoon for Shore—that afternoon of June 23, 1917. The Red Sox were playing the Washington Senators in a doubleheader, and Shore, who had pitched against the Yankees two days before, expected to watch both games from his cozy spot on the bench. The Red Sox pitchers were Babe Ruth and Dutch Leonard, and against Washington, then as now, it seemed certain they would be sufficient.

Ruth, starting the first game, walked Ray Morgan, Washington's lead-off hitter. Ruth had argued with Umpire Brick Owens on the ball three pitch and now he stalked off the mound toward the plate. Owens whipped off his mask and advanced to meet him, whereupon Ruth threw a looping right-hand punch. Some say the punch caught Owens on the jaw, others say the left ear but, in any event, both Ruth and his catcher, Chet Thomas, were thrown out of the game.

Black Jack Barry, the Red Sox manager and second baseman, spotted Shore in the corner of the dugout. "He asked me if I'd pitch until he could get someone else warmed up," Shore recalls. "In those days you were only allowed five practice pitches. Sam Agnew went in to catch."

On Shore's first pitch, Morgan tried to steal second. "It was a good move," says Shore. "Morgan figured I wouldn't be able to get much on the pitch and that Agnew wouldn't be ready. But Sam threw him out."

The next two batters hit the ball directly at Boston infielders, and Shore was out of the inning. "Barry asked me if I wanted to continue and I told him sure. I went down to the bullpen and

continued

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Perfect Relief continued

threw and by the time the second inning began I was loose."

Shore was a good pitcher, and he threw a wicked overhand fast ball that dipped, it was dipping sharply on that afternoon at Fenway Park and as the game wore on, Washington batters kept beating the ball into the ground. None of them had reached base safely as the ninth inning began with the Red Sox leading 4-0.

The first batter, Hank Shanks, went out easily, but the next one, Catcher John Henry, hit a mean line drive to left field, the only hard-hit ball off Shore that day. Duffy Lewis, the Red Sox left fielder, was playing Henry perfectly, however, and he caught the ball without moving a step.

With only one out left, Washington Manager Clark Griffith sent in Leaping Mike Menosky, a left-handed batter with good speed, to hit for the pitcher. Menosky pushed a bunt to the right of the mound, a tactic usually considered unsportsmanlike when a man is pitching a no-hitter. "That's the way Clark Griffith was," says Shore. "He never gave the opponents a thing."

Shore reached for the bunt but it was by him. As Menosky raced down the line, Jack Barry charged in from second, scooped up the ball and flipped it to first base. It was close, but Menosky was out. Ernie Shore had pitched a perfect game. Or had he?

Baseball men concerned with records have debated for over 40 years how Shore's game should be listed. Some argue that since Shore was not the starting pitcher he did not pitch a complete game and that it therefore cannot be listed as a perfect game. Others more kindly feel that since Shore retired 27 men in a row, allowing none to reach base, he should be given due credit.

Shore himself, now the sheriff of Forsyth County in North Carolina, is happy to let the argument continue, for it has brought him more publicity than, say, Addie Joss or Charley Robertson, both of whom pitched routine, uncontroversial perfect games which few remember anymore.

"Practically everyone has heard of me," says Shore today. "If I have to pick up a prisoner in some remote spot, I generally get special treatment. I wouldn't get otherwise. People are always asking me about that game. I can't say I really mind."

END



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